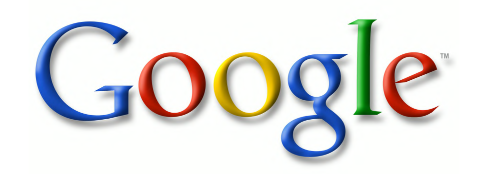
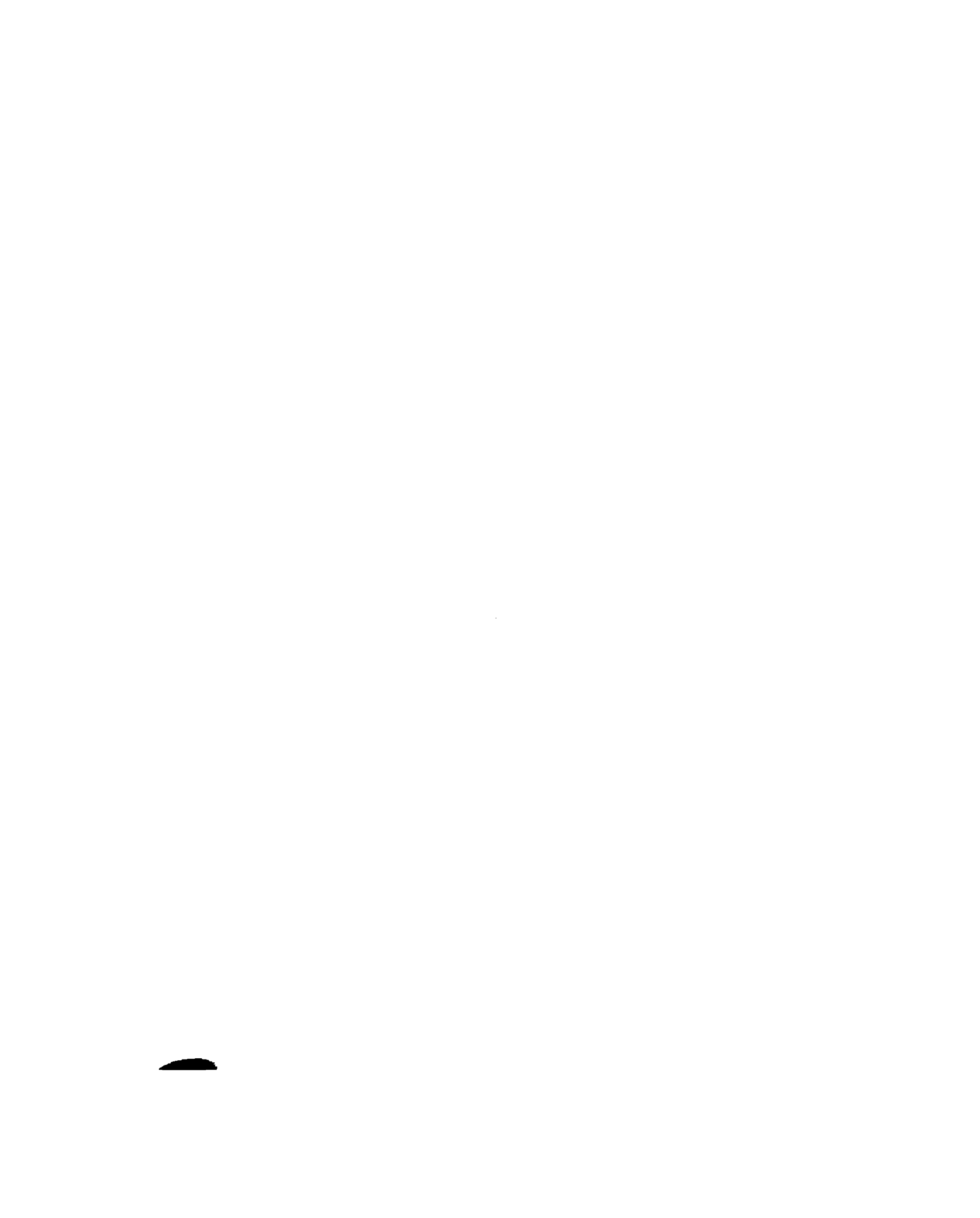










# IN DOVER ON THE CHARLES

A CONTRIBUTION TO

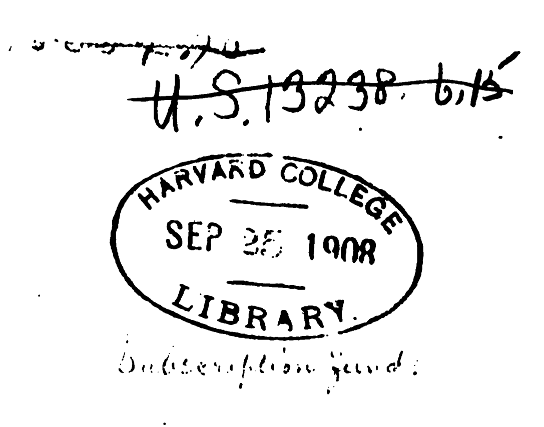
# NEW ENGLAND FOLK-LORE

BY ALICE J. JONES

"A man may go back to the place of his birth
He cannot go back to his youth."



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To My Friends

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# IN DOVER ON THE CHARLES

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## Chapter One

"Holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great."

DOVER, a small town in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, is about sixteen miles from the State House in Boston. It borders upon the Charles River and possesses natural features of remarkable interest and beauty. Its fertile farms and comfortable homes illustrate a seldom portrayed type of New England life. Some aspects of home and village life belonging to the first half of the last century are presented in these pages, in which customary forms of expression, and the names and uses of common things are recorded with fidelity.

John Battle, born 1716, married Mehitable Sherman of Connecticut. Josiah, their son, born in Dover, married Lucy Richards, and their second daughter, Lucy, was my grandmother Griggs.

In the archives of the State House at Boston, as I am informed by a recent writer, is preserved the original muster roll of the company which marched from Dover to Lexington, April 19, 1775, under Captain Ebenezer Battle of Dedham. The name of Josiah Battle, private, appears on that muster roll. My grandmother has told us that her father was ploughing in his field some distance from home, when the messenger arrived with the summons to join his company. The "Minute Man" left his plough in the furrow, put his horse into the barn, and then found that his young wife had gone after the cows. He took his powder horn and musket, filled his knapsack with "rye and ingin" bread and sausages, and was on his way to meet the British before she returned.

Josiah Battle owned a large tract of land on the east slope of Pegan Hill, divided by the road leading from Medfield to Natick. He lived on the site from which John Adams removed to Elmira, about forty years ago. His six children grew up, married, and settled on portions of his land, within such distance of his own house that he could visit them all in a morning stroll.

Lucy Battle, my grandmother, married Reuben Griggs of Ashford, Connecticut, the son of Nathan Griggs, whose uniform and sword hung in our garret,

and whose Bible, knives, and queer old spectacles are now in my possession. Reuben Griggs was a shoemaker, and worked at his trade in Dover. After his marriage he took his wife away from Dover for several years. Between the years 1810-1815, he lived in Amherst, Massachusetts, and in Wilmington, Vermont, and afterwards in Ashford, Connecticut. In Amherst he pastured his cow on the present site of Amherst College buildings. Noah Webster, the lexicographer, lived in Amherst, and my mother, then five or six years old, used to peer through the garden fence to watch his two pretty and amiable daughters among their flowers. I have a letter written to my grandmother by Mrs. Catherine Whiting of Wilmington, Vermont, in 1815. They were in Ashford on my mother's tenth birthday, and a friend whom my mother always held in loving remembrance made for her a little wooden rocking-chair which her grandson now has in his possession.

Great-grandfather Battle offered such inducements that his daughter returned to Dover and settled upon the farm next to that of Uncle Rufus. I have never known when and by whom the house was built. I have the original deed given by the heirs of Josiah Battle to Reuben Griggs and Lucy, in settling the estate in 1834. In later years the name came to be

spelled Battelle. The Battelles of Strawberry Hill and the "West End of Dover," were not of this family.

Lucy, only child of Reuben and Lucy, married Hiram Walker Jones, April 4, 1830.

My grandfather, Samuel Jones, of South Natick, seventh in the line of descent from John Alden, married Mary Walker of Marlboro. His sister Polly became the second wife of Lee Claflin, of Hopkinton, and step-mother of William Claflin afterward governor of Massachusetts, my father's manhood friend. Lucy, another sister, was the mother of "Cousin Sally" of Milford, Massachusetts, who married the Colonel Johnson for whom I was named. Sarah, "Aunt Parkhurst," was the mother of our valued and intimate friends, the "Parkhurst Cousins" of Milford.

My father was born in South Natick, September 4, 1807. The scenes of his boyhood are depicted in Mrs. H. B. Stowe's Old Town Folks, but the Jones family of that book are not our connections. At the present time, my sister and I have no knowledge of any relation, however remote, bearing the name of Jones.

When my father was very young, his mother died, and he was brought up in the family of Mr. Nathan Phillips, in West Dedham. Mr. Phillips was a car-

penter and builder, and from him my father learned the trade which he followed until the year 1839. He built church edifices in many of the surrounding towns, among them the Unitarian Meeting House in Sherborn, and the Orthodox, afterward the Catholic Church in North Natick. It was customary for employers to furnish their men with liquor. After listening to a lecture by John B. Gough, my father resolved to depart from the custom, and duly informed his men of his purpose. He was about to "raise" a barn for Uncle Rufus Battle. All went well until the "ridge pole" was wanted and then it was not to be found. After much search, my father was informed that it would be forthcoming as soon as the men were supplied with their "grog." He stood firm, the men yielded, and the barn was raised. On that day and occasion the question of liquor was forever settled between him and his men.

While his men were at work on the North Natick meeting house, he went to Boston with his team to buy lumber. While his wagon was loading on T Wharf, he was struck senseless by a falling timber, and on the third day after was brought home accompanied by a physician. He recovered after months of critical illness, but, one side having been paralyzed, he was never again able to carry on his trade.

He took up farming, added to the land which my grandfather owned, and altered and improved the buildings. For many years he was agent for the Dedham Mutual and other fire insurance companies, and Justice of the Peace. He held many town and county offices, including those of Selectmen and Town Treasurer. He was spoken of as Mr. Jones or Squire Jones. I feel safe in saying that, an upright, self-respecting man of "good judgment," he was honored and trusted by all who knew him. In his family he was loved and obeyed, not feared or dreaded. I never knew him to fly into a passion, and never heard anybody say "father is cross," but he could show displeasure, and administer deserved reproof. He had the gift of managing men so as to secure the best results from their efforts. This power was doubtless due to his own mental and moral poise, and to the care with which he planned all the details of work. To my mother he was invariably courteous and considerate, and as devoted as a lover. Any differences of opinion between them were discussed and adjusted in private. We never dreamed of appealing from one to the other. "Your mother knows best," or "Your father is the one to decide that," is all we should have gained by so doing. As I look back upon my mature intercourse with my parents, I realize the truth of Miss

Mulock's saying that the real friendship between us must have had its root and nurture in *respect* on *both sides*. His sense of humor made my father a most entertaining companion, and those who knew him, even now refer to "Mr. Jones's stories." These stories included no low jokes or injurious personalities, and I never knew him to utter an oath.

After my brother Waldo's death, followed by that of both grandparents, my father sold the farm to Mr. Slavin, the present owner, and removed to the Stephen Jones place opposite the old Josiah Battle farm. This Mr. Jones was no connection of ours. In 1867, he sold this place to H. R. Stevens, and bought a house in Franklin, Massachusetts, where he died December 2, 1875, and was buried in the family lot in the cemetery in Dover.

My mother, born in 1809, was contemporary with Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson, Lincoln and Holmes. The Boston known to Dr. Holmes she knew; the public events which he noted were the events in which she was interested. She attended district schools, for the most part under male instructors, some of whom were men of marked character. Her taste for reading, and her intelligent interest in the world's progress, she owed to "Master" Whitney, and to the hours in which she read aloud to her father. To the last year of her life she regularly

perused the daily and weekly newspapers, not only the local and news columns, but the leading article and editorial notes, prices current, and especially the records of the legislature and the "doings" of Congress. She knew the "views" of all the prominent members of Congress, and was familiar with the President's policy. She had her opinion of public men and measures, and her reasons for that opinion. Fairy tales, and purely imaginative writings of any sort had no interest for her, from lack of plausibility. "It is not reasonable" was her sweeping condemnation of any story which she considered untrue to life. In advanced age, when she was too feeble to read columns of fine print, she would look over the evening paper, and by means of headlines, select the articles which she wished to have read to her. She enjoyed poetry of religion, patriotism, and sentiment, and had many favorites in verse.

By those who knew her in youth, I have been told that she had remarkably beautiful dark brown hair, and that in the "square dances" of that period she excelled by her ease and grace. I often imagine her growing up in these days of colleges and clubs, where she would have been able to take a high place among educated women. As it was she did not lack scope for her abilities. Married at twenty, she bore eight children, of whom five grew to

womanhood, in a household which included old people, children, menservants, womenservants, and frequent guests.

In my father's absence or illness, she carried on his work. During a serious illness, her head was shaved, and her soft brown hair changed to snow white bristles. Although only thirty-three years old, she conformed to the inexorable custom, and donned the "false front" and close cap which she wore for the next twenty-five years. Then her white hair had become fine and soft, her face had aged to correspond, fashion had changed, and she thankfully discarded cap and false front.

In temperament she was truly fearless, recognizing danger, and taking all possible precautions, after which it was of "no use to worry." Carelessness, forgetfulness, and foolishness, in her eyes, were without excuse. Foolishness meant the failure to do under certain circumstances the best we knew or might have known had we used "common sense." Praise from her was a reward, and blame a long remembered punishment. Both mother and father had a horror of debt, and a realizing sense of the value of "ready money." A bargain or contract made, just so much money was then considered to have been withdrawn from their available resources. To be entirely out of any one household ne-

cessity, or to be reduced to one set of napery or bedding was never within my mother's experience.

She was accustomed to say, "Do your work first, then play." "Always dress when about your work so that you will not be ashamed to go to the door if anybody comes." "Go just as you *are*." "Do your part." "Pay him what he *asks*." "There is as much in saving as in earning." "Because you have money by you is no reason why you should spend it." "Always keep some money by you." "Be neighborly but do not meddle." "If you cannot keep a secret, how can you expect your confident to do so?" What Senator Hoar in his Autobiography says of his mother's true democracy is equally true of my mother. Captain William Sherman the great grandfather of Mrs. Hoar, was my mother's great, great grandfather.

In her later years, my mother's courage, forgetfulness of self, cheerful patience under infirmities and sorrows, her interest in an ever widening circle of friends, all are among the memories which we cherish. She died in Franklin, April 14, 1897, aged eighty-seven.

Eveline, the oldest child, after her marriage to Mr. J. Q. A. Nichols, lived first in East Randolph, now Holbrook, afterwards in Dover, and about 1862

removed to Elmira, New York, where she died in 1895, surviving her husband fourteen years.

Parthena taught the district school in West Dedham at the age of fourteen. After one year in the Charlestown Female Seminary, she taught in Lancaster, Massachusetts, and later attended the Normal School with which Dana P. Colburn was connected in Providence. About 1855 she went to Newport, R. I., to be assistant in the Boy's High School, Mr. I. W. R. Marsh, Principal. In May 1864, she became the wife of Mr. Charles E. Hammett, Jr., of Newport. She died in 1896, and her husband's death followed in 1902.

Mary and Arabelle, the children next in age, died in early youth, and infancy.

Waldo, the youngest child and only son, died when eight years of age.

Inez Lenore remained with her parents during their lives, and now resides in Franklin.

Alice, a teacher in the public schools, lived for many years in Newport, and now lives in Franklin.

## Chapter Two.

**"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood."**

FROM a country road which curved around the base of a steep hill, a circling carriage-drive crossed a grass plot between a rounded maple and a drooping elm, and almost touched the doorstone of a spacious white farm-house.

Some portions of the structure had been erected at a later date than that indicated by the great stone chimney and the broad roof which, in the rear, sloped to the height of the lower story. Natural features, gentle slopes, sudden descents, and level spaces, all had been considered in choosing sites for the house and the detached farm buildings.

**"The white rose tree that spent its musk**
**For lover's sweeter praise."**

Across the south front a narrow grassy yard was enclosed by a white picket fence. On either side of the gateway stood a tree-like purple "laylock" bush, whose branches were not so far above the ground that children could not pluck the thick, smooth leaves, to rend them with a "smack." The up–springing sprouts under these trees were often

cut with scythe or sickle, as was the grass, otherwise cared for by the dew, rain, sun, and snow.

The old peach tree in the corner showed its age in the peeling bark and yellowed leaves, and its late-ripening fruit was blotched with mildew even on its sunny side.

Blush roses faded too soon; cinnamon rose petals, at their best, were faded, crumpled, and set awry; "single" red roses fell at a touch; and yet the thorny thicket against the house was a pretty sight. One tall bush beside the parlor window bore old-fashioned white garden roses, of stock brought from France, delightful to sight and smell in their morning freshness, and delightful to the taste as well in the mysteriously compounded and delicious sweetmeat known to us as Grandmother's "consarve of roses." Close by the house nestled a compact little bush bearing many crimson blossoms among its tiny leaflets, the Burgundy or Hundred-leaf rose, prettier far than its kindred, Province or Cabbage roses of modern gardens.

Rose-bugs were the enemies of the roses themselves, but slug-eaten foliage was happily unknown. Hips of various shapes and colors succeeded the roses, and decorated the leafless branches which stood out against their background of white-painted clapboards.

Short blades of wide grass hid the edges of the sunken door stone, on one side of which grew a bed of grass pinks, overhung by drooping sprays of flowering almond. No blossoms ever appeared among the fragrant, finely cut leaves of southernwood or boys' love, and I often wondered at the fact. I know now that *Artemesia Abrotanum* really blooms, though I have never seen its flower. Of the annuals which filled the borders, all have passed from my memory except tne white and crimson "globes," the eternal flowers.

Often in the daytime, always at dusk, toads, large and small, came out from their hiding-places and hopped over the door-stone. From one direction or another the monotonous music of unseen tree toads sounded throughout mid-summer days.

"We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring, we find."

A portion of the door-yard boundary was formed by the front yard fence, next to whose corner post came the "gap," then the "great gate," and, parallel with a row of young shade trees, the rail-surmounted bank wall which ended at the stone steps near the corner of the "mill-house."

Once, within my remembrance, a cider press was set up in this mill-house, but its horse power wheel was mainly used to run the threshing machines

and winnowing mill. When the men were upstairs busy with falling grain and flying chaff, one of the children was stationed below stairs to start and to stop the horse, and to see that he kept a steady pace in his journey around the track under the great wooden wheel. Sometimes duty grew irksome to the child, and the wide open door tempted to a comfortable seat upon its broad threshold. Then the horse moved slowly and more slowly still, until his sudden start as he passed the door within reach of the flourished whip gave a corresponding jerk to the machinery, and betrayed the culprit to deserved reproof.

In the east end of this building the "covered carriage" and best harness were kept in one room, and the open "express wagon" in another. Heavy timbers, empty barrels, harrow, cultivator, wheelbarrows, wooden horses, and other cumbrous tools were stored in the power room, the "lower part of the mill-house." Some years before, the red-painted carpenter's shop had been removed from its site near the road. Then bench, tool-chest, and all implements of the craft were placed in the upper story of the mill-house, where newly planed boards, curling shavings, and scattered saw dust testified to the never ceasing repairs and improvements in which my father found delight,

Horserake and mowing machine, alternating with the roomy yellow sleigh, occupied another corner of this "mill-house chamber." An ideal place for play on a hot summer morning was found in this spacious room, when the wide double doors stood open upon a grassy plot, among whose gravelly spaces May-weed, sorrel, rabbit-foot clover, and five-finger straggled to the wheelruts of the road beyond. Under the pear tree, at the foot of the stone steps, stood the carefully supported "grin stone," its lowest point just touching water in the moss-covered trough beneath.

"Upon the budded apple trees
The robins sing by twos and threes,
And ever, at the faintest breeze,
Down drops a blossom."

A "pair of bars," in the fence extending from mill-house to "corn-house" gave entrance to the apple orchard, separated by stone-walls from the highway, the next estate, and "our lane." Its sloping ground effectively displayed the green, white, and rose-colored canopy above the dandelion sprinkled grass.

Early "jinctins" (June-eatings?) small, yellow, and shiny, were the first among the "early" apples, followed by "early sopsyvines" (Sops-of-wine?) Heavy, bulging, purple-lined "fall sopsyvines"—no

other baked apples had such color, such juice, or such flavor. Metcalf sweetings, baldwins, Roxbury russets, Rhode Island greenings, porters, Newton pippins, crow's eggs, and Peck's pleasants, on bending boughs and fruit-strewn ground, I seem to see them now.

"The kindly fruits of the earth."

As a protection against rats and mice, the cornhouse was raised upon four pillars, and entered by removable steps. Always in perfect order, the well-filled interior made a pretty picture, which in memory's reproduction, shows my Grandfather as the central figure. Scorning one of the new patent cornshellers, close at hand, and discarding the customary iron shovel, he preferred to "shell" corn by means of an iron-edged board which was placed across the large red tub, and upon which he sat. In time with his rhythmic rasping, yellow kernels fell into the bushel measure, and white cobs flew through the air.

Crevices in the high-slatted bins showed closely packed ears of yellow "field" corn, and of rice-like popping corn. By standing on tiptoe, or upon an overturned wooden measure, we could bury our hands deep in bins of winter rye, spring rye, buckwheat, or oats. Great white ears of sweet corn, dried and wrinkled, and seed corn of other sorts

were tied together and suspended by their turned-back and braided husks.

Harvesting implements, cradles, flails, rakes, pitchforks, scythes, and sickles; corn-dropper, and canvas bags for the sower's grain; clean baskets, wooden measures, and great piles of grain bags; in racks overhead, or on pegs against the bins, all were ready for use.

Heavy roller, stone-drag, horse-sled, tip-carts, and farm-wagon, were "under cover" in the "corn house cellar" which was entered from the lane.

"Bursting with hay were the barns."

Carefully located, commodious, and well-equipped, the barn and adjoining buildings were planned with a view to saving labor in necessary work, and with consideration for the needs of the sheltered animals.

Tom and Bill, the black farm-horses, stood side by side, opposite Kate's stall and the usually vacant ox-stalls. In winter all the mows were filled to the roof above the scaffolds, and two "hay-riggings" stood against the barred north doors; but in summer, when both doors were thrown open, the dangerously tempting hay-cutter and ladders prudently set aside, and the whole wide space awaited the incoming loads of new-mown hay, then the barn floor, furnished and peopled by our imagination, became a charmed spot.

"Mowing away" had great interest for us; rye, oats, buckwheat, and bush-beans were threshed under our supervision. Grandfather was expert at "cradling" grain, and one of the last to give up the old-time implement; nor was he less skilful in swinging the flail with the hired men on the threshing floor. Later in the year, corn ears were piled high between the mows. Except as an excuse for party, and occasional frolic, husking-bees belonged to the past, and the men husked the corn on rainy days and in the autumn evenings.

On one side of the barn floor, under high mows of English hay, cornstalks, meadow-hay, and bedding straw, were openings through which "feed" and "litter" were put down for the cows in the light and airy basement, known as the barn-cellar. Just at the foot of the stairs was a row of stanchions, and clean dry stalls, where milking-stools, hoe, fork, and shovels hung on high pegs, and where air and sunlight streamed through open doors and windows.

In one corner of this basement was the first of adjoining hog-pens, the third and last being adjacent to the cow-yard. This corner pen contained the main feeding-trough with a contrivance for keeping back the squealing swine until their food was ready, and the trough filled. Near by was an overflowing tub of running spring-water, the clean swill-pails,

and the huge meal-chest, which held cotton-seed meal, shorts, or corn. Calf-pens, in the north end, could be entered from outside, and the downward slope to the door, just reversed the adjacent ascent to the north barn-door. Sprinkling-pot, brooms, and shovels were in daily use, and children could play anywhere on the premises in the absence of the cattle.

The large "cow-yard" was enclosed on the west by the barn which overhung the yard, and formed a covered porch for the cow-stable; along the north end, on rising ground, a barn-roofed shed, open to the south, sheltered the salting-trough; on the east was an embankment, topped by a high stone wall; at the south end, between the "lane gate" and the smaller door-yard gate, was the watering-tub which stood one-half within and one-half without, because the horses were watered on the door-yard side of the fence.

"The noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling near."

Adjoining the barn on the west, and on a line with its south front was the "harness-house," in which a waiting horse and vehicle could stand protected from the weather. It contained a work-bench and all appliances for mending and cleaning harnesses. Working harnesses, chains, ropes, pulleys,

short ladders, pickaxes, spades, shovels, crowbars, mud shoes for horses, horseblankets, nose feed-bags, and other equipments for farm-work were arranged upon pegs, shelves, brackets, and racks about the room. A small cupboard held leather straps, strings, balls of "crow-line" and other twine, grease for boots and for axles, and bottles for veterinary use.

Litters of young pigs in the cellar basked in the sunshine which streamed in upon them through the opened scuttle in the floor. "Be sure to close the scuttle if the wind changes or a shower comes up" was the frequent injunction when the men started for a distant field. Barn-swallows made their mud nests under the eaves over the wide doorway. When the birds were busiest at their work, we watched them from a seat in some wagon, left for the time in the middle of the door-yard.

> "The perched roosts
> And nests in order ranged
> Of tame villatic fowl."

Next to the harness-house came the hen-house, clean as whitewash-brush, broom, and fresh gravel could make it. On one side of the sunny outer room was the large stone upon which oyster-shells, "scraps," and bones were pounded; the shallow, oval iron kettle of water; and the dough-board. On the

other side were the roosts, both high and low. "Laying" or "setting" hens retired to the inner room, where box-nests were ranged on a long, wide shelf. The methodical fowls walked up an inclined and cleated board to enter the nests from a corridor at the back. Dropping the hinged fronts of of these boxes, gave access to the nests and their contents. Setting hens were "broken up," by temporary imprisonment under a barrel.

Mother hen and her brood were transferred from the nest to a portable coop, set upon the grass not too far from the kitchen door. Through spaces in the slatted front the chickens could run in and out, and the hen could stretch out her neck to cluck a warning, to eat grass, or to reach the dough-dish and the shallow—not too shallow—dish of water. Fresh water and shoots of tender grass besides other food, were supplied several times aday. A wide board laid on the top of the coop projected to form an awning, and was kept in place by the weight of a stone. At the first sign of an impending shower, somebody ran from the house to "see to the chickens," to hurry them into the coop, and shut them in, as for the night, by placing the awning board upright against the slats with the stone for a prop. To save the valuable time of one hen, if two small broods "came off" the same day, they

were usually placed in one coop. Rats, weasels, and skunks sometimes invaded the coops at night. In the day-time by a peculiar signal which was instantly obeyed by the huddling chicks, the hen gave notice that a dreaded, sailing, swooping pigeon-hawk, or a stronger, fiercer hen-hawk was circling overhead. Neither hens nor chickens were allowed to run at large. In summer the sashes were removed from the latticed doors and windows of the hen-house and all sorts of green food was "saved for the hens." Temporary runs were made for the half-grown chickens. One of our regularly assigned tasks was "watching the hens" when they were let out to ramble for an hour just before dark. Whenever turkey eggs were "set" they were placed under hens, since turkeys reared by the more domestic fowls were less likely to wander and die in the wet grass or become the prey of prowling enemies. Guinea fowls were interesting but unprofitable.

No Committee sent by the Agricultural Society could more surely select the premium flowers and vegetables, and the soil in highest state of cultivation, than could an escaped hen in search of a place to "muffle."

"This is the cock that crowed in the morn."

A tiny, disowned chick, just out of the shell, Dick was brought into the house, wrapped in cotton, kept

in a basket for a few days, and then provided with suitable quarters in the wood-house, under my charge. He became my pet, and I became his out door companion. Grandmother enticed him to her room to eat flies which she killed and laid between sheets of brown paper.

Fully grown, long-spurred, gorgeous in plumage, Dick would escape from his coop and revisit the scenes of his chickenhood days. However often repeated, it was somewhat startling to have a bird of such a feather alight on one's shoulder or top of the head, or try to perch confidingly upon a fore-finger. Dick appeared to much better advantage when he ceased his canary bird tricks. and strutted into the middle of Grandmother's room, where he would give a lusty crow and fly upon the desk to seize his well-remembered paper of flies.

"I know he will go up all manner of streets."

Tuxus, the pig, was literally brought up by hand. His first meal was obtained by sucking milk from my forefinger, and I afterwards fed him with a silver teaspoon until he was able to drink from a cup, after which time it must be confessed that he ate like a pig. He grew and thrived in his little pen, from which I released him for an occasional frolic. Once I put him back into his pen on the east side of the house, passed through the L, and sat down in the

west doorway just as Tuxus, having made the circuit of the main house, came through the gap in the fence and jumped into my lap. Weeks after this occurrence, I was sent on an errand, and a group of boys began to laugh and jeer as I passed them in the road some distance from home. Looking back, I saw Tuxus, no longer a little pink-white pig, making the dust fly from the middle of the road, and grunting a lesson on manners for the benefit of the boys, as he raced after me.

"Not Bruce of Scotland,
Not the Bruce of Bannockburn."

Bruce, the black Newfoundland dog, must have come to the farm not far from the time when I began to run about out of doors, for he took the charge of me from that time. He went to school with me every morning, keeping close by my side, unmoved by the torments which the larger children who joined us managed to inflict upon him, but ready to fly at the throat of the first who tried to interfere with me. On the first morning, he followed me into the school-house, but his reception was so boisterous that afterwards he was satisfied to see me safe within the yard.

A sick man, who watched us from his window, noted the contrast between the dignity with which Bruce ignored his tormentors while I was under his

protection, and the manner in which he bounded through the fields at a safe distance from the road, on his way home.

"Beeves and homebred kine."

Black Jenny Lind, light-red Fanny Elscler, dark-red Ruth, old Line-back, Jessie Fremont, and Myra Clark Gaines, our bovine friends, how well I remember, not their looks alone, but their characteristic ways, for they were born on the farm and lived long in our service, while many other cows were bought and sold.

Men drove the cows to pasture in the early morning, but one of the children, with Bruce, often went after them at night. The "old Plain" was an outlying pasture within sight across a neighbor's field, but this line of vision was the hypothenuse of a triangle whose other two sides were formed by the public road. Usually all the cows were waiting at the "bars," and as one end of the upper rails fell to the ground, the impatient animals clattered over the lowest rail and filed down the road toward home. Jennie and Line-back had the trick of staying far down in the cranberry-meadow, complacently feeding until we came to look them up. Bruce barked long and frantically at their heels before they would start on a run to overtake their companions, long out of sight. Our door-yard and

grass–plot needed no lawn–mower, for the cows were "watched" and allowed to feed, sometimes without the "great gate," and sometimes within the enclosure, that they might become cool and rested, and be in proper condition when the men came to the barn at milking time.

"The steeds were champing in their stalls."

Tom and Bill, the equine brothers, worked throughout their lives in double harness, and occupied stalls side by side except for two nights upon a memorable occasion. It was long before the Air-Line Rail Road was built, and these horses went regularly with heavy loads to and from Boston, over the Mill Dam, stopping at the "Corner" for luncheon and rest. On one of these trips Bill was sold, and soon after delivered at his new home, the "Corner."

Bereaved Tom refused to eat, but watched and listened and waited for the coming of his mate. On the second morning, ungroomed Bill, dragging a broken halter, was found at the stable door. Their next separation was caused by Bill's death many years later. A small ambrotype shows Tom and the farm-wagon, my father and Bruce incidentally included in the picture. Grown old, faithful Tom was released from labor, and at length placed in a marked and honored grave.

I was allowed to drive Kate harnessed to the "top buggy," but my father was accustomed to say that a woman could drive a horse wherever a horse wished to go.

"The harmless necessary cat."

My old Hodge was named for Dr. Johnson's pet cat. Hodge was a "good mouser," and he could not understand why he was scolded for catching song-birds, and praised for bringing in rats and mice.

"All duties, when thoroughly and perfectly done according to a standard in the soul, become works of art."

At the time of which I write, my Grandfather's active labors were chiefly confined to the "chip-yard," a large, well-defined plantain-bordered space, beside the path between the house and barn.

While the "sledding was good," great loads of wood and logs were brought from the "Deacon Haven lot" and the Clark lot woods." Oak, hickory, hard pine, soft pine, birch, "fencing stuff," and "apple-tree brush" ranged in high piles at the lower end of this yard. Toward the house, splitting log, sawhorse, and chopping block, woodsaw, axe, and bill hook, bettle and wedges, wheelbarrow and baskets, all were brought into use. In due time, the well-seasoned hard wood, oven wood, split wood, round wood, pine knots, "air tight chunks," "little"

wood, and kindling wood, with the pine needles, shavings, and chips were systematically housed in the capacious wood-shed.

"To pick up a basket of chips" was one of the regular duties of a summer's day, and one which we often dallied over rather than return to less agreeable tasks. Standing upon the wood-shed chopping block enabled one to reach the light ladder, clothes-line poles, long-handled caterpillar brush, and snow shovel, which were kept in the racks overhead.

"How could such sweet and wholesome hours,
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?"

Passing from the chip-yard through the back room to the "west door" brought us under the great horse-chestnut tree, and near to the bench where tin cans and pans were set out to dry.

Of the two diverging paths, the one close to the house led by flower beds and currant bushes to the Well Curb. This tall white frustum of a pyramid was erected over a quicksand well which was used solely as a refrigerator where cans of milk, and pails of butter, and food were lowered far out of sight by four stout ropes. Nothing in this well was ever molested, though the gate in the adjacent picket fence was but a few yards from the public road.

Milky-juiced cypress spurge sprang up under the fence. Among the stones at the base of the curb

grew luxuriant stalks of live-for-ever (Sedum Telephium,) from whose carefully bruised leaves we made and inflated tiny watery bags. No sedum blossoms were ever seen. Years had passed before I understood why I found myself able to recognize so many plants by their leaves with no recollection of having seen their blossoms. My father never tolerated weeds, and he cut short their career before they had time to "blossom and go to seed."

A small butternut tree grew near the well, beside the currant bushes. Impatient fingers were stained "butternut color" by the juicy covering of the undried nuts. Circular brooches, sawed from the nuts and supplied with bent-pin fastenings, were at one time much in vogue among schoolgirls. This must have been the period of peach and cherry-stone baskets, and of braided horsehair rings.

Not far from the butternut tree, flower-beds held love-in-the-mist; red and "variegated poppies" old maid pinks and velvet marigolds; gillyflowers; Canterbury bells; balsams; single petunias, purple and white; yellow daffies; prince's feather; honesty; ladies' delights; and a light-blue star-flower which we called Star of Bethlehem. I have never seen that star-flower elsewhere, nor have I seen any recognized description of the plant under that or any other name. Seed-bearing stalks of honesty, re-

taining only the oval, satiny, dividing membrane of the pods were carefully gathered, and combined with dried grasses for winter bouquets.

"It is not simply beets and potatoes, and corn and string beans that one raises in his well-hoed garden, it is the average of human life."

Below the horse chestnut tree, half way down the grassy slope, two "orange sweeting" trees almost touched the ground with their wide-spreading branches. Then came more currant bushes, red and white, a porter apple tree, peach trees, white and purple plums, quince bushes, more young apple trees, pear trees, the tub of running water, and then the vegetable garden. Much below the level of the road, the garden was enclosed on that side by a bank wall surmounted by a four-inch rail held edgewise in iron supports. Against this wall, behind the well curb, was a sort of wild garden, where tall black currant bushes, and red raspberry canes grew among brakes and stalks of caraway, and bent over low lying bloodroot, coltsfoot, and gold thread.

All sorts of vegetables for our table were suitably distributed from the rich, heavy soil next to the road to the higher, drier ground beside the clothes drying yard. Beets, turnips, onions, parsnips, carrots, radishes, newly introduced tomatoes,

peppers, squashes, cucumbers, cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuce, sweet corn, string beans, peas, early and late, rhubarb, strawberry tomatoes, and shell beans, kidney, lima, cranberry, and horticultural; all these were "handy to the house."

A small plot was devoted to peppermint, spearmint, and sage; saffron, valuable for its medicinal yellow petals, which must be pulled off every morning; and sives, whose tender, finely chopped leaves were food for hens. I have forgotten most of the "roots and herbs," and their uses. Thoroughwort, tansy, pokeroot, hardhack, mullein, penny royal, yellow dock, yarrow, wormwood, and pumpkin seeds I remember to have seen hanging, in paper bags, against the garret rafters.

"The golden buttercup, the grass, the leaves."

A wide red gate opened from the door-yard into the "lane," a long, wide, level, grassy, cart-path, bounded on the east by well-fenced fields of "grass land" and "ploughed ground," and ending at the "Clark Lot bars."

Along its stone wall, on its orchard side, wild red raspberry and thimbleberry bushes were allowed to grow. Few berries plucked from these bushes found their way to kitchen or dining-room. They were destined to be strung like beads upon long stems of timothy grass, and fated to be eaten

as soon as strung. Young children liked to play in the sand heap under the corn-house, where they were out of doors, protected from the sun or rain, and we all roamed the lane at will.

Here we picked great bunches of yellow-eyed bird-foot violets, or made bouquets of dandelion "curls." Buttercups held under each other's chins usually cast a yellow shadow and proved that we "loved butter." Fortunes were told by means of "white weed" petals, but I could never decide whether "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," referred to four or eight possible husbands, and "chief" in my mind, was always associated with scalplock and tomahawk. When three puffs of breath failed to blow all the tufted seeds from a dandelion globe, the shout arose, "Your mother wants you!" If the drop of juice pressed with thumb nail to the top of one grass stalk "took off" the drop from the one held against it, then your "wish would come true."

"I wander in the woodland paths once more."

On the left of the "bars" stretched the dim recesses of the "Clark Lot Woods." We spent hours at a time among the hollow trunks, the fallen branches, the gnarled and mossy roots, and the shifting shadows, on the borders of these woods.

Acorns, partridge berries, bearberries, checker-

berries, wild strawberries, low blueberries, puff balls, curious fungi and cup mosses, besides Indian pipes, and many familiar but unnamed wild flowers, were our successive playthings.

Beyond the woods and the open fronting space, in boggy regions when entering horses must wear the clumsy, square, wooden mud-shoes, was the meadow, the place of turtles, water snakes, musk-rats, and of historic beavers. There we could not venture, but were glad that grandfather dared go after yellow-blossomed cowslip sprays, a dainty unsurpassed by young beet tops, "milk weed sprouts" or "dandelion greens." We went far enough to find white violets hidden under the leaves of skunk-cabbage.

"Where the freshest berries grow."

"John Ricker Hill," long and narrow, the base of Brown's Hill, was opposite our house and orchard. What had been left an unsightly gravel bank when the road was cut through, my father had improved by building a "face wall" at its foot, and planting a row of evergreen trees half way up to its level top. Along its boundary wall, and in many a grassy nook, the largest strawberries and high blackberries were gathered as fast as ripened. The reddest, thorniest of barberries succeeded the wild roses in the south wall thicket.

"However small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep, and that is a very handsome property."

A trip to Grandmother's valued inheritance, the Natick Pasture, was an event to be enjoyed in anticipation, as well as in the excursion itself.

There was the bustle of preparation at the barn, varied with the season and the project. "Salting" the young cattle; picking sweet apples or juicy, coarse-grained, puckery "baking" pears; cutting hay or mowing bushes; mending a "post and rail" fence, or building a stone wall: any one of these may have been the serious object of the expedition. The pleasure seekers in the party had in mind the short ride through the village street to the Cleaveland place, and the long, delightful ride, "by right of way" through fields, woods, and berry pastures, where jolt succeeded jolt as the wheels passed over embedded rocks into deep worn ruts. Arrived at Pegan Hill Lane and the pasture, we revelled in its berries, fruits, and flowers, gathered hickory nuts and acorns, and explored the "Indian cellar hole," ever with a wholesome dread of snakes. Tired out at last we sat in the shade to watch the birds and squirrels, or rehearse the tales of vanished Indians, until it was time to go home.

"I come to pick your berries."

Cranberry picking began early in September. Before the bogs were ready for the men and their rakes, the fruit on the "upland," exposed to the frosts, lay among the dry and grassy hummocks like great crimson-purple beads, strung on a woody thread. Mother and children alike looked forward to these September days, and the best outdoor excursions of the year. The first "good" day, before the dew was "off," found us in the "old plain" pasture.

Blueberry and huckleberry bushes, sweet fern, "mountain cranberries" (bearberries), acorns, lichens, stalks of pennyroyal, and life everlasting, goldenrod plumes and aster panicles, all were brushed aside, or trampled under foot, when we wandered from the narrow wagon road which led to the low-lying meadow.

Luncheon baskets, and wraps safely bestowed under the old oak tree by the boiling spring, we hastened to the remembered spots where shining fruit was scattered over the brown grass among autumn-tinted leaves, on low-creeping vines. "Picking by hand" was the rule, but my small, short-handled rake would sometimes scoop a double handful from a hollow between hillocks or moss-covered stones. Our small baskets filled, they were emptied into bags under the oak tree, and filled again.

Besides spots "thick" with berries, we found solitary wild roses blooming among the reddened hips, fringed gentians, cardinal flowers, curious burs and pods on leafless stalks, ground birds' nests, and countless living, crawling, hopping, running, flying things. Our baskets filled rapidly in spite of all these side attractions, because we were paid the highest market price for all we picked. One year my quarts became bushels, and my bushels more than filled a barrel. Late afternoon brought my father and the farm-wagon, into which the tired, sun-burned, happy pickers clambered among the heavy bags and baskets, and we went home with the cows.

The entire crop gathered and spread in the "barn chamber" until dry and "turned red," the hand power winnowing mill was brought from the mill house chamber into the door yard, and the cranberries were freed from dirt and tiny leaves. A trough-like sieve, set upon trestles of unequal height, received the berries which were passed along the incline from one compartment to another, until, screened and "picked over," they fell into barrels which were well shaken and then "headed up." All this was men's work, but women and children were welcomed as helpers in the tedious picking over.

"To every sweet its sour."

A high, well-lighted basement under the woodshed and pumproom was known as the vinegar cellar. It was furnished with hogsheads, barrels, kegs, bungs, plugs, spigots, taps, mallet, auger, gimlet, measures, "tunnels," skids, and pails.

In a long row, on a sort of platform, lay hogsheads of cider in the successive stages of the process by which new cider was arrested on its way to become "hard" cider, and was made into sharp vinegar.

A suitable quantity of molasses was added to the new cider to promote fermentation; froth issued from the open bung hole in a towering meringue, a color scheme in cream, yellow, brown, and black; the first "working" ended, and impurities precipitated or thrown off at the bung, the liquid was carefully "drawn off," and filtered through a straw-filled wooden tunnel into a clean cask, and allowed to work again. This process was continued with great care and frequent testing until that which entered the first cask as sweet cider, left the last hogshead pure cider vinegar which was sold to regular customers, the principal being Billings' Store, Roxbury.

"We may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

Once on the broad stone doorstep, it was easy

to press the thumb piece of the great iron latch, open Grandmother's door, step across the entry, dimly lighted from above the winding stair-case, and come into Grandmother's room.

In summer the green blinds were partly closed, but in winter the south sun shone through the many-paned white curtained windows upon the box of growing lavender which stood beside the "noon-mark" on the window sill. The wooden clock between the windows, the brass ornamented mahogany desk, the round-cornered two-leaved table, the long, high-backed red settle, the iron "fire frame" trimmed with shining brasses, all had belonged to preceding generations. Grandmother valued the old, and took kindly to the new.

Her cooking stove stood at some distance from the chimney, and the funnel entered the flue high above the ancient fire place, where she had an occasional fire upon the hearth. The kettles were hung from pot hooks on the crane, and bannocks were baked upon the "bannock boards" set upon the hearth before the fire and supported by a flat-iron at the back. She never indulged us with the sight of meat roasting on a "spit," but she used the "bake oven," and set the little iron basin on its three-legged "trivet" over the coals in one corner of the hearth. This iron basin was always used on

the stove when cream toast or chicken fricassee was prepared, and beef-a-la-mode could be "warmed up" just right in no other vessel. The small brass kettle, bright as gold, guarded by a flat iron ring, was used on the stove, and no hasty pudding, rye pudding, or samp can ever equal that which it contained. When the round-bottomed three-legged "iron pot" was used as a doughnut kettle, it also required the encircling ring, being too small for the hole in the top of the stove. The tiny "iron skillet" which had three tall legs and a rat-tailed handle was even then called ancient, and I never saw it used. Many more quaint and convenient utensils and much old china and pottery were in Grandmother's neat "buttery." The stone mortar and pestle which the Pegan Indians had used; covered, wooden hooped pails of different sizes, painted red or blue, which held corn meal, buckwheat flour, or dried apples; the "blue piggin" which resembled a small wooden pail except that one stave rising above the rest was shaped as a handle; a tall, "brown earthern pailful pot" held "biled cider apple sauce." One queer high-shouldered green glass bottle was kept filled with balm of Gilead buds steeped in rum, a sovereign balm indeed for cuts and bruises. From this remedy I first learned one of life's useful lessons, bravely to bear the

present smart for the sake of future healing. Petty-morel berries (Aralia racemosa) steeped in New England rum, elderberry wine, blackberry cordial, cherry rum, black currant jelly, and other medicinal supplies were always at hand.

Among the dishes of shining pewter, the large plate, the quart basin of hammered metal, and the porringer, all bore my great, great grandmother's initials, H. R.

An ancient round iron "waiter" held the white teapot which would contain a cupful of water, used in the time of the Revolution when tea was scarce and high, an old Delft cup and saucer of corresponding size, and a graceful pointed-nosed cream white pitcher whose lower half was emerald green. The beautiful silver teaspoon marked H. R. is four inches long, and shows that it was wrought by hand, and the bowl welded to the handle. Another teaspoon, belonging to the next generation, is somewhat larger. The *greater* the grandmother, the smaller the spoon. My grandfather always ate from a large white plate with a wavy edge of deep blue. One set of steel knives had bright green bone handles. Bright, deep blue pitcher, sugar bowl and teapot which showed upon each side a deer without antlers, were accompanied by handleless cups, and the jet black "citron sauce" bowl bore a floral pattern in relief.

Close by the covered wood box stood a wooden

pail of shavings and a basket of clean chips. The long disused brick oven was then a sort of cupboard, but our interest centered in the high chimney cupboard and its treasures. Here was the wooden covered book of Indian stories which had the wood cut of Mr. Dustin and his children; the "American Preceptor;" the old "Third Part," a school reading book in my mother's day; "Reuben Kent;" "Little Henry and his Bearer;" "The New England Primer;" "The Badge;" and an ancient broadsheet of poetry, "Catskin." Besides these books the cupboard contained the clasp knife, brass-handled pen knife, and the pocket Bible which great grandfather Nathan Griggs carried through the Revolutionary War.

Grandfather's arm chair stood beside the stove where the light came over his left shoulder as he sat reading, a blue and white bandanna handkerchief thrown over his bald head. The green wooden chairs were decorated with gilding and painted shells and flowers. Braided rag mats were placed here and there upon the carpet where the "wear" was likely to come. Across the plastered ceiling ran a large painted beam. The walls were made of wide, matched boards which like the prominent corner posts, had received many a coat of lead-colored paint.

In the adjoining bedroom stood the tightly-corded four-poster, straw-bed, feather-bed, bolster, pillows with long, overhanging "cases," snowy valance, and patchwork quilt. The other furniture consisted of a mahogany bureau over which hung a small mirror, a low chair, an arm chair, and an ancient table which folded so that one leaf would double upon the other or stand upright against the wall. The edges of the leaves and the front legs were prettily inlaid with bits of wood.

The blue and white woven counterpane was even then laid carefully aside because of its associations.

"O how full of briars is this working-day world."

Work inside the house was termed house-work, earning, and sitting-work. Kitchen, back room, and cellar, like all other parts of the house, were arranged and furnished with a view to "making work easy."

Soon after my mother was married, one of the earliest made cooking stoves was set up in front of her enormous kitchen fire-place. Its huge cylindrical sheet iron oven threw out overpowering heat upon the head of the person who used the "elevated oven," and it was replaced by one improved pattern after another. From the lettered hearth of the "Bay State" stove, I took my first lesson in the alphabet.

Spring water was drawn from a faucet at one kitchen sink, next to which was a large, built-in

case of drawers under a wide shelf, a dish closet, and then the large dry-sink, where dishes were always washed, and cooking operations carried on.

Pump-room it was always called, but a wooden faucet took the place of a pump in the large unplastered room adjoining the kitchen. One corner of this room was the laundry and held the necessary utensils, and supplies. Often used steel-yards, large and small, hung on convenient nails. Pantry, store-room, and milk-room combined, occupied an adjoining space in this wing. No cruel "one-step down" led to our wood-shed. Children's arms were scarcely able to throw back the wide top of the long meal chest. Standing on tip-toe, we contrived to reach the wire sieve on the corn-meal side, and the hair-cloth sieve on the rye-meal side, but we could not run a sieve along the horizontal bar in the middle of the sifting section of the chest. A hugh brick oven, and chimney had, at some recent date, been built out into the room on one side. An ancient brass kettle, immense in size and beautiful in proportions had been deprived of its bail, and ears, and had become a "set" kettle, in which clothes were boiled over the fire in the brick chamber underneath.

Although my mother always "kept help," most of them women who could be spared from neighbor-

ing families, yet she tried to instruct her daughters in the art of house-keeping.

"Cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast."

Baking day saw long sticks of pine oven wood burned to coals on the floor of the brick-oven, the ashes removed, and the "oven broom" plied with energy, before the long handled shovel placed cakes, pies and bread within the remotest recesses of the fiercely heated oven. Later the somewhat cooled oven was filled again, this time with loaves of brown bread, rye-bread, fruit cake, pots of beans, and a brown earthern dish of Indian pudding.

White "bonny" beans were picked over on Friday afternoon, washed and soaked over night in more water than could be absorbed. Early Saturday morning this water was poured off, and the beans boiled in a large quantity of water, until the wrink led skins were ready to burst. With a skimmer, the beans were drained and placed in an eathern pot, with a small piece of salt pork, selected for its streak of lean, and gashed across the rind. A little soda, molasses and mustard were added, and sometimes a morsel of sausage. When put into the oven, the pork was almost hidden by the beans, and a sheet of tin was laid over the uncovered bean pot. A spoonful or two of water was added from time to

time, and, presently, the pot was uncovered, and the pork brought to the surface to shrink, grow crisp and flavor the beans, until supper time. Unless the steam were allowed to escape from the uncovered pot, the beans might be boiled or stewed, they surely would not be *baked*.

Baked sweet apples and milk, very cold, made a delicious and hygienic supper dish. Hulled corn, with milk or molasses was a favorite form of food. Great kettles full of hasty-pudding were easily disposed of, as "pudding and milk," and too little remained to serve as "fried pudding" at breakfast. It was not really fried but was browned on a hot greased "spider." Buckwheat was never made into griddle cakes, but into a sort of muffins cooked in the oven. Roast spare-rib was eaten cold, preferably with hot baked potatoes. All fat was carefully lifted from the bowl of cold "drippings," to which water was then added, with a thickening of flour and water. The resulting "roast pork gravy" was not greasy, but savory and wholesome, with potatoes.

For "invited company" mother was sure to make great piles of those cream-white hot biscuits which accorded so well with "quartered quince" or "whole peach" preserve.

Muslin toast was a favorite supper dish, prepared with nicety and precision. A rye short cake the

full size of the griddle iron, was browned to a delicate crisp, on each side, the thin crust deftly flayed from the hot side, the denuded surface returned to the griddle, and the crust placed in the waiting basin of hot, thickened and salted milk. This process was repeated until the upper crust of the cake was reached and ready to be "dipped."

"Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended."

No butter and cheese were made within my recollection, except for home use. Milk was some times sold to collectors for city markets, but as a rule calves were bought and fattened for veal.

Grandmother made sour milk, new milk, sage, four meal, and "white oak" or skimmed milk cheeses.

Having brought milk to the desired temperature by setting it in the huge tin kettle on the back of the stove, it was poured into the immaculate "cheese tub," with a small quantity of soaked rennet, a substance prepared from the inner membrane of a calf's stomach. When the curd was well "set," it was cut across with the "cheese stick," to allow the whey to rise and be "dipped off." Bowls of "curds and whey" were served at this point to those who had been impatiently waiting for them.

Meanwhile, the "cheese tongs," a sort of ladder with two rungs, had been placed across the "whey tub" to support the large meshed, splint "cheese

basket" over which the ample cheese cloth "strainer" had been spread. The "wheyed off" curd having been put into the basket, upon the cloth, and allowed to drain dry, it was then ready to be "broken up" with the hand, and mixed with salt. Again the children begged for "just a taste."

A square of strong cotton cloth, placed over a "cheese hoop" of suitable size, was well filled with the crumbled curd. The cloth was *tightly* twisted on the top, held in place by the "follower," a wooden disk smaller than the hoop, and then the cheese was placed under the requisite number of "blocks" in the curious wooden cheese press and a heavy weight hung upon the arm of the press. By the next morning the follower had followed the cheese into the hoop, and a corresponding amount of whey had run out across the grooved shelf of the press.

When the hoop was removed in order to "turn" the cheese and wrap it in a dry cloth, a ridge of curd was found to have filled the space between the edge of the follower and the hoop. This was carefully cut off, and the delicious morsels called "cheese parings" were the children's perquisites. Removed from the hoops, placed upon thin boards, and added to the rows upon the shelves, "new," or "green" cheeses, were regularly "greased" and

"turned," until the rind became thoroughly dry, smooth, and almost impervious. Dutch or sour milk cheeses were made by a simple process for immediate use.

Within my recollection, the dasher churn, the round wooden butter bowl, and the stone butter jars were seldom removed from their pantry corner, but Grandmother had little dairy ways all her own.

A certain ancient brown-glazed jar was half filled with rich cream, and steady stirring with a white-wood paddle soon "brought" a lump of yellow butter, which she "worked" with the same paddle-like "spatter" on a wooden plate kept for the purpose, and then the salted and "printed" pat was set on a certain Ridgeway plate, in its own stone jar. Making, and, incidentally, eating a "buttermilk cake" followed as in natural sequence.

"As dry as a remainder biscuit after a voyage."

Hermetically sealed cans and jars had not been invented. Steam-cooked, kiln-dried, and dessicated foods were not in the market.

Unless fruits and berries were made into jelly or preserved pound for pound, they must be dried for winter use. Drying apples was an important part of the season's work. "Apple stagings," "apple boards" and "apple cloths" were brought out from the store room. Apples were pared, thinly

sliced, and spread upon cloths laid over boards which rested upon stagings in the front door yard. The boards were brought into the house at night, and on the approach of rain, and were placed upon the floor of some unused room. In case of long continued dampness the drying could be finished in the wide open stove oven. Some of our neighbors "strung "apples and hung the festoons upon lines over the stove. Peaches, pears, berries of all kinds, and sweet corn were dried in their season. Sugar pumpkins were first "stewed" and then spread upon boards or plates, and dried in the oven.

Catsup and all kinds of pickles were "made" in due season.

Sweet cider, boiled down to one half its bulk, was "bottled," and with dried apples made the spring relish known as boiled cider apple sauce.

"Laying down and putting into the cellar."

In slaughtering time, "Ben Sawin," an expert at the business of "pig killing" brought his "scalding tub" and other paraphernalia on a low wagon. Assisted by the "hired men" Mr. Sawin set about and finished his work, removed the traces, and departed to fill other engagements, leaving my father to "cut up" and distribute the pork at the proper time.

Clean barrels were packed with firm white pork, and then filled with brine prepared according to a famous family receipt. A flat stone was placed upon the top-most layer to secure complete submersion free from "rust," and a sharp-pointed iron hook was conveniently hung on the edge of the covered pork barrel.

"Leaf lard" was tried out in the kitchen, in an ancient "round bottomed iron pot." Even now I seem to hear the scrape, scrape, scrape of the tin cup, as Grandmother tried to dip the hot lard, drop by drop, from the lowest point at the bottom of the pot.

Hams were cured in a neighbor's smoke house. "Sausage meat" was usually crowded into strong cylindrical cotton bags, from whose firmly pressed contents thin slices were cut for the "spider" at breakfast time. A few "skins" were sometimes "filled." Tin funnel, flat, knobbed piston, and "breast board," was the apparatus used by Grandfather with great skill, until the resulting "sausage links" festooned one corner of the storeroom.

Fruits, vegetables, and winter supplies of all kinds were unloaded from wagons at the "outside cellar door," and wheeled through the "vinegar cellar" to their respective places in "apple cellar," "milk cellar," or "Grandmother's cellar," all

suitably furnished with cupboards, boxes, barrels, bins, and "swing shelves." One flight of stairs led from vegetable cellar to kitchen, another from vinegar cellar to pumproom, and the third from Grandmother's cellar to the "front entry." Children always avoided this last mentioned stairway, because it was dark, and because a door on the upper landing opened into a dark space behind the chimney, known as the "dunce hole."

"Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting by the window, binding shoes."

For some years previous to 1860, "binding shoes" and "closing shoes," afforded means of earning money at home. The shoes were cut out, and then distributed from shoe shops in the larger towns. No "work on shoes" was ever done in our house, but I have seen it done in neighboring houses. A three cornered needle, like the common glove needle, was used in binding shoes. Thin, soft leather from which the binding strips were cut had a sort of ticking stripe in black and white. Cutting in the middle of the white stripe secured an even strip of such width that the white edge was concealed in the seam. This was wholly hand work.

In "closing shoes," the counter was properly lapped upon the vamp, and inserted in an iron

clamp, worked by foot power. A sharp blow upon the handle of the "marking iron" had left in the leather the marks of sharp teeth to show where a double row of awl holes should now be made, through both thicknesses of leather, close to the clamp. A length of well-waxed "shoe thread" was threaded with a needle at each end, the left hand needle passed the right hand needle in the first awl hole; the thread was drawn out equally on the sides, and the locked stitch continued to the end of the seam, and back again in the second row of holes. Sewing the seam on the other side of the shoe completed the work. The invention of sewing machines ended this kind of work as it did many other kinds.

Braiding straw was for many years an easy and profitable kind of work for afternoons and evenings, and for visiting. Shining yellow straws from carefully selected sheaves of rye, freed from the sheath, severed at each joint, bleached in brimstone fumes, and tied in neat bundles were ready to be "split" and "machined." First made "limber" by wetting, each straw was deftly split and flattened with one blade from a pair of scissors; and then, except for half an inch at one end under the left thumb, it was divided into strands of the desired fineness by the sharp teeth of the little

"machine" which was held in the right hand. A clean white lap towel, a bundle of prepared straws in a napkin, and a bowl of water were essential in braiding straw, or "Dunstable" as it was more often called.

Seven "strands" were usual, but some experts made a "fine 'leven braid." New strands were inserted at almost every turn, so that one edge of the finished braid bristled on each side with slanting ends of straw. On account of its brittleness, the braid could not be reeled, but was wound into balls, and sent to the "trimmer" before being sewed into bonnets. Mr. Charles Gowen of Franklin had a trimming machine and carried on a large business at his shop between 1840 and 1850.

Every industrious woman, rich or poor, so ordered her household affairs as to be at liberty to "sew straw" in the "season" which lasted four or five months, beginning in November. The straw shops sent out work, plaster of Paris hat blocks, straw braid, numbers printed upon cloth, and thread. Four or five different shapes, and all sorts of "stock" were brought in the course of the winter. Coarse, rough-edged Canton was hard on fingers, and so were notched braid and Coburg; Dunstable was brittle and showed stitches; Milan was sometimes easily torn, and even when "firm"

was unprofitable, "paid by the hat;" lace was stiff, and the wide intricate patterns difficult to join; hair braid showed uneven lapping, and was sewed wlth horse hair instead of thread. "Florence" was easy to sew and profitable. When all these considerations were added to "shapes," and "price," and "length of season," straw sewers had topics for conversation in "straw time."

"Stock wagons" from Medfield and other straw manufacturing centers furnished this employment. Expert sewers sometimes earned $200 or $300 in a good season.

About 1862, weaving palm leaf for shaker sunbonnets was the neighborhood industry. An out-of-town manufacturer sent out stock wagons, distributed the material and collected the *sheets*, *strips*, and *braid*. Village carpenters made the looms; wide looms for the sheets from which bonnets were cut, and narrow looms for the inch wide binding strips. It was no unusual occurrence for an invited neighbor to arrive early in the morning, accompanied by some male member of her family who had her loom on his shoulder, or in a wheel-barrow. Constant treadle motion was very fatiguing, continued day after day, and only robust women could use the wide looms. I had a narrow loom, but, though I saved my reputation for industry, I did not amass wealth.

Those who did not weave, braided the notched braid which covered the seam where the crown joined the front of the bonnet. The split palm leaf for the looms and for braiding came in strands two or three feet long, some black and some in the natural color. These sun-bonnets were universally worn by women and children after adding wide gingham capes and strings.

"The spinster and the knitters in the sun."

"Sitting work" included family sewing, fancy work, and other forms of handiwork, but at the date of my story, which ends in 1864, many crafts had been abandoned.

Over and over again Grandmother has explained the process of "swingling" and "hatcheling" flax, and showed us how she used to spin linen thread on the flax wheel, and yarn from wool or tow on the "great" wheel. We never meddled with these spinning wheels, but the reel upon which the spun yarn used to be wound into skeins was a fascinating plaything. The crank was twirled round and round for the sake of hearing the sharp "click," as the indicator marked each completed knot in the skein. "Blades," or swifts, reversed the reeling process, and held the skein while it was wound off upon wads of paper into a ball. Within my recollection spools were rarely seen. "Hanks" of thread, skeins

of sewing silk, and "sticks" of button hole twist necessarily gave way to spool thread and silk when sewing machines began to be used.

A pair of "wool cards," their hooked teeth pressed and locked together, lay upon the attic floor until wartime brought every sort of fibre into use. Then these old-fashioned implements did good service in "carding" matted cotton and wool wadding into fluffy rolls for a second period of usefulness.

Our great-grandmothers learned "marking stitch" by working more or less elaborate samplers, linen canvas worked with colored silks.

People now-a-days "tie puffs," a few "tie comfortables," and wadded linings are quilted by machine stitching, but the old-time art of quilting is almost forgotten. Even as one of the "revived arts," modern appliances have greatly changed the operation. Quilting frames, or bars were four strips of wood, seven or eight feet long, three inches wide, and less than one inch thick. Each bar had a strip of "list" firmly tacked to one edge, and a long row of holes bored at each end. To "put in" the quilt, the frames were laid in the form of an oblong, and fastened at the overlapping corners by wooden pegs, the ends of the bars projecting more or less according to the size of the

quilt. A chair back at each corner supported the frame, over which the lining was tightly stretched and sewed to the list on all four sides. Wool wadding or cotton batting of the desired thickness was spread upon the lining, and the "outside" laid upon that. "Marking out" the quilting patterns, herringbone, diamond, or shell, by snapping a chalked line, or by marking around a pasteboard design, was an art in which some women were enviably proficient. In order to "quilt" an elaborate pattern in one afternoon, a "quilting bee" was held, and the frames were surrounded by as many workers as could find elbow room. From time to time the pegs were withdrawn, and the sides rolled up to the last finished row, until the pattern was completed. Then the quilt was "taken out" and finished by turning in or binding the edges. A very large bedquilt of printed India cotton, wadded with wool, lined with homespun linen, and quilted in herringbone lines one third inch apart, was made by my great-great-grandmother, Roger Sherman's sister Mehitable, who died in 1804, aged ninety years. My mother gave a piece of this relic to each of her children.

Some other heirloom bedquilts were in the house and one "album" quilt was made in my childhood. Usually patchwork was made in leisure hours, in

simple designs, for the purpose of utilizing scraps of calico, gingham, or delaine, and of renewing the supply of bedding. Children were taught to sew carefully basted squares, "over and over," as one of the first lessons in needle work.

Grandmother's "rag basket" always held a mat upon which she was working, and the finished rugs were worthy of her conscientious skill. Every strip was cut wide or narrow according to the thickness of the cloth; the strips were pieced flat and folded smoothly in braiding so as to form even strands with no raw edges on the right side of the braid. Only thick, firm, all wool cloth was deemed worth using. The completed length of braid was wound into an immense ball, so that the end intended for the middle came upon the outside of the ball. The unwinding, the heap of many-colored braid, and the rewinding interested us greatly. In "sewing" the mats, the needle was inserted so that all stitches were concealed in the braid and not exposed to "wear."

Home-braided palm leaf hats were worn by men in the fields. A favorite seat of mine, in the old pumproom, was an upright bark-denuded log, known as the hat-block, because these hat crowns were shaped upon its smaller end.

Husk collars, for working horses, were braided

from the soft inner husks of the corn. The large steel needle for sewing these collars was curved at the double-beveled point, and, in use, was inserted edgewise, and pushed through by a sort of thimble fastened to the palm of the hand.

Braided husk door mats were always used at our outside door. They had many of the qualities which make modern rubber and woven wire mats desirable.

Yarn, once used and crinkled, or poor and slack-twisted, and two bent rusty needles were given us when we learned to knit garter stitch, and with these the most skillful knitter could not make smooth, even work, and "do a stint" in reasonable time. Patience and persistence characterized the teacher, and perseverance the pupil. At length, with the help of the whirling blades, a great skein of new yarn was wound, the stitches "cast on" three needles, and a long woolen stocking was begun. The first stitch was taken off upon the fourth needle, and then followed knit two, seam two, knit plain, narrow, seam one in middle needle, slip and bind, set heel, knit heel, bind off, take up stitches, knit plain, toe off, run heel— and a stocking was finished from top to toe.

Knitting sheaths were used only by very old ladies like my grandmother, and were pinned to

the right side at the waist. They were made of double cloth, velvet or kid, almost triangular in shape, and held a quill, or quill-shaped roll of soft leather, into which one end of the fourth needle was thrust and held while in use. Sometimes the sheath was attached to a long bag or pocket which held the ball, and in which the rolled up work could be placed when the little caps joined by an elastic cord, had been slipped over the ends of the needles. We knit the mittens which we wore, durable but often clumsy.

"Railroad" cotton stockings, so called either from the open work effect, or from the way in which that effect was produced, were made by knitting a plain top a certain number of inches long, and then dropping every alternate stitch, and "toeing off" with the remaining half of the stitches. Every girl knit one pair when they were the rage, but I have no recollection of wearing them.

In my childhood crochet needles were in universal use. One of my choicest possessions was a set of six hooks and a bone handle. Every imaginable article of use or ornament was crocheted from yarn, thread, split, single and double zephyr worsted, and saddler's silk. Germantown wool afterwards replaced the costly imported Berlin

wools. Thread edgings and insertion trimmed every sort of garment. "Shells" and "points," hairpin lace, serpentine and feather edged braid, and tape trimming occupied our attention. Table mats and tidies were made of knitting cotton, or fine cotton thread. Ladies wore wide flat collars crocheted from sewing cotton, and from red, blue, or drab split zephyr. Large, square Shetland wool shawls in shell stitch, were folded cornerwise, and worn by ladies as "summer shawls," not in the house, but in the street and to church. Up to the time when I was a grown woman, it was considered unconventional, and even immodest, to appear in the street with "nothing over the shoulders," that is, without wearing a shawl, wide scarf or cape.

Small black or garnet beads were strung upon skeins of sewing silk, and crocheted around a pencil into a long flexible bead tube which was tied in a true lover's knot and the ends neatly joined, making a very fashionable and clumsy bracelet. We worked cross stitch on canvas with colored worsteds, and we did elaborate work with tatting shuttle and fine thread. Netting had gone out of fashion, but both wooden and steel netting needles were in my great-grandmother's work-basket. All this work of fifty years ago is now

revived. About this time the sewing machine came into use. The first machine was a chain stitch machine, turned by a hand crank. Grover and Baker's foot power machine came next, and then we came into possession of a Wheeler and Wilson treadle machine with a lock stitch.

> "Here friendship lights the fire and every heart,
> Sure of itself and sure of all the rest,
> Dares to be true and gladly takes its part
> In open converse, bringing forth its best."

Hospitable and neighborly we certainly were, but there was no unceremonious "running in" on our part or that of our neighbors. Like all our visitors, the family habitually used the west "front" door whose entry opened into both parlor and dining room. The old "four foot" dining table had been consigned to the kitchen, and replaced by a black walnut extension table. The China closet held a rose-bud tea set, a mulberry ware dinner and tea set, an oval willow ware platter, several dark blue plates, and other specimens of English and Delft ware.

"Invited company" was one thing, "unexpected" company was quite another. Instead of formal calls, card leavings, and receptions, social courtesy required that one's visiting aquaintances should be entertained at afternoon visits, or invited "to spend

the day" at regular intervals. The "time was set," the guests brought their work, and "spent the day" or "spent the afternoon and took tea." Sometimes one person was invited, sometimes a "party;" sometimes husbands were included and sometimes not. These visits could seldom be made "on foot."

Every good housekeeper held herself in readiness to entertain company at any time without notice. "If anybody should come" was an important *if* in the day's work, and in the larder, too. Soon after one o'clock was the proper time to reach one's destination on these uninvited visits to relations or intimate friends. To delay until two o'clock was considered affectedly "genteel." Accustomed visitors from adjoining towns were confidently "looked for" under favorable circumstances of season or weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Perry of South Natick, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Richards of Strawberry Hill, Dover, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barden of Newton Upper Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Newell of Dover, and my father and mother comprised "The Old Guard." They were friends from childhood, and kept up the friendship and intimate acquaintance throughout their lives. Mrs. Richards was the last survivor, dying during the present century.

They were accustomed to meet at each house

by special invitation at least once a year. They often made excursions in their own carriages to Squantum Beach in summer, or went in sleighs to some distant hotel for supper in winter. When the sleighing was good, in midwinter, they always went to Newton Upper Falls, and the party assembled at our house in the autumn. No children were invited to these formal gatherings.

"One's treasures always tell such secrets of oneself."

Our parlor, though constantly used, was always kept ready for company. A brass-trimmed iron fire frame surrounded the closed up fire place, behind the air tight stove, but side brackets still held the brass "fire set," shovel, poker, and tongs. The chimney cupboard contained the family daguerreotypes and other relics, among them a colored print of the Burning of the Steamer Lexington.

"Look in the candle stand drawer" was an often repeated direction. This sewing table with hinged drop leaves and two drawers was the orderly receptacle of all sorts of sewing implements and supplies. When my mother was married her "bureau," according to the fashion of the period, was placed in this parlor. The "center table" opened out square, or folded over to one-half its size, and the top turned around over the box which formed the top of the standard.

Some forms of fashionable decoration were not in our rooms. Painting on glass belonged to an earlier period. A printed picture was gummed to a plate of glass, the paper moistened and rubbed off to the thinnest possible film, and then the outlines filled in with a brush so that the vivid colors seemed to be in the glass itself, Large and elaborate designs were cut with small scissors from white paper, which was then placed over a dark background and framed. This work was called papyro-tamia, and included human figures, birds, and flowers. "Skeleton leaves" were made by immersing green leaves in water until the veins and fibrous network could be brushed perfectly clean. When dried, pressed and arranged on a background they were framed as pictures. In spatterwork the design was obtained by laying patterns upon cardboard, and spattering India ink over all the uncovered spaces, producing a white picture upon a gray background. Pressed ferns were often used as patterns.

In our dining room was a well filled bookcase and a table with magazines and newspapers, including a Boston daily, the Massachusetts Ploughman, Dedham Gazette, American Messenger, Child's Paper, and Farmer's Almanac. Godey's Lady's Book, Peterson's Magazine, and Arthur's

Home Magazine were then popular, and the familiar periodicals of the present time were not in existence. Besides law books and many other leather covered volumes, I recall Travels in Africa, Light on the Dark River, Anna Clayton, The Dales in Newport, Watts on the Mind, Paul and Virginia, The Russian Boy, and Peter Parley's Geography, volumes of poetry and essays, and many school text books.

"Some smack of age in you,
Some relish of the saltness of time."

My father's slant top desk stood in a dining room recess. He used steel pens, but in a drawer were quill pens such as my mother "mended" under Master Whitney's direction in her school days. He used blotting paper, but the once indispensable "sand box" stood in its wonted place. He used gummed envelopes, but the box of wafers was opened now and then. He used red bordered gummed seals on legal documents, but some papers in the pigeon holes bore diamond shaped bits of paper fastened with red wafers.

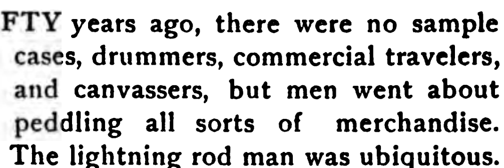
Within my memory my Grandfather never used the shoemaker's bench and the tools of his trade. The long, low bench with its hollowed seat, the leather apron, lapstone, hammer, lasts, awls, pegs, wax, waxed ends, bristles, rasps, and shears, just

as he last used them, were kept in the unfinished "back chamber," among the large chests which had tills, spring locks and secret drawers.



## Chapter Three.

"Tempora mutantur."



FIFTY years ago, there were no sample cases, drummers, commercial travelers, and canvassers, but men went about peddling all sorts of merchandise. The lightning rod man was ubiquitous. Dunlap, the seedsman, sent out an agent who was regularly entertained at our house on his annual visit. My father sent to the new dealer, Gregory of Marblehead, for seeds and plants mentioned in his catalogues. The tree man, the shoe man, the skein thread peddler, the root-and-herb doctor, the ladder man, and the tin peddler came at regular intervals. In after years we heard of sending for samples, and of orders filled by mail.

Our well kept Dry Goods and Grocery Store at the Corner thrived in a modest way. Mr. Laurence Derby was the first proprietor whom I knew. Mr. Plummer succeeded Mr. Derby. Mr. Lewis Bliss followed Mr. Plummer, and changed the location of the store. At this store eggs and butter were doubtless disposed of "on account." Every family had a garden, and there was no sale for perishable fruit and vegetables.

Twice each week, Hewins, the Medfield butcher sent his cart through Dover. The fish man came on Friday. Once each week, Balch, the Medfield baker, included us in his circuit. Many articles of food came directly from Faneuil Hall Market in the returning farm wagons.

My old hard rubber, or gutta-percha "puff combs" bear the imprint "Goodyear's patent. 1849." Before Goodyear's time we had no "hard rubber," nothing but the "pure gum." Overshoes at first were molded, without cloth lining, a hollow mass of thick, soft rubber not wholly unlike the shape of a human foot. Tarpaulin and sailcloth were used as protection from weather. No waterproofs, rubber bands, hose, waterbottles, tubing, aircushions, atomizers, and rubber surgical instruments were made. Imagine the world of today, hospitals, shops, homes, streets, schools, and playgrounds suddenly deprived of everything made of rubber in its countless forms and combinations, such as were unknown twenty years ago, and then imagine what must have been true in all departments of life fifty years ago.

In 1863, Professor Horsford of Harvard College became the president of the Rumford Chemical works at Providence. This must have been sometime after Horsford's Yeast became a commercial product,

the first "yeast powder" which we used. It came in two tin boxes, accompanied by a short tin tube which was divided into two unequal parts to insure exactness in measuring first the acid, and then the alkaline powder.

"Before the war" almost everything was sold in bulk in markets, grocery and hardware stores, and apothecary shops, and purchases were measured off or counted out in "dry goods and notions." In days still more remote this was the universal custom. Pins were sold by the ounce, and even by the dozen. I well remember the first paper bags such as grocers now use, which took the place of wrapping paper for certain purposes, but these bags did not have the turned-in corners which were a much later invention. The makers of those first paper bags "carried out" the work, and "pasting bags" was one of the Dover industries at one time.

Adhesive paper, and gummed labels are comparatively modern. I remember when postage stamps were not gummed, and when the sheets were not perforated.

Cox's gelatine was introduced in 1844, but I recollect when it began to be sold and used in place of the sheets of isinglass.

With the invention of porcelain, arsenic and

glass, a great variety of lampshades, vases, and ornamental articles became common.

The invention of the steaming process of bending wood, and the introduction of scroll and circular saws brought about cheap and varied styles in furniture and woodwork.

"Sinews of War."

In the time of the Civil War, specie payment was suspended. I had a box of silver coins, including half dimes and three-cent pieces, which I exchanged at a premium for "paper currency." These much handled, torn, soiled bits of paper could not be kept in ordinary purses or pocket-books, and little books were made, with a leaf for each denomination, and provided with bands of tape to hold the "scrip" in its place. Change became so scarce that postage stamps were used as money, before sufficient "fractional currency" was supplied. In damp weather, these crumpled bits of sticky paper were almost unmanageable in spite of all the stamp books and other devices. Everybody rejoiced when silver pieces, "new cents," and nickels came into use. Much later gold was returned to circulation. I have a handful of old copper cents, "coppers," in the box in which my little brother placed them just before his death "in the time of the war."

"Sparks of Fire."

The first red friction matches were made in England in 1827. The matches used in my childhood were similar to the brimstone matches of the present day. I have seen matches which could be lighted at either end.

Grandmother had a tinder box, steel, and flint with which fire could be obtained by the tedious process of striking a spark with the steel against the flint, and igniting the tow in the tinder box. Fire upon the hearth, in those days, was carefully covered with ashes at night, that the coals might be ready to start the morning fire. It was not unusual to "borrow fire" from a neighbor, taking the live coals home in an iron pan or fire shovel. About 1805 sulphur matches were first used. They were ignited by dipping the prepared end in a bottle of liquid.

"And stretch the hands ot memory forth
To warm them at the wood fire's blaze."

Our parlor, dining room, and two large sleeping rooms were heated by air-tight stoves; one chamber had an open fire place; three bedrooms were well heated from adjoining rooms, and two chambers had no means of heating.

My grandmother's foot stove is still in my possession. It is a skeleton wooden box, with zinc

covered bottom, and perforated zinc panels in the top and sides. In one side, a door admits an iron dish filled with live coals upon ashes. In the days of open fireplaces and draughty floors, this stove was used as a foot warmer at home, and was carried under one's shawl into the unheated meeting house on the Sabbath day. Grandmother had, of course, no rubber water bottle, and she made use of her footstove all her life.

A certain long, cylindrical stone jug was kept for the purpose of holding hot water when needed "in case of sickness," while hot bricks and soapstones were always used as bed warmers in winter. By the rules of the Charlestown Female Seminary, every student was required to have a soapstone marked with her name. Our warming pan was a large pan of shining brass, which had a perforated lid, and a long wooden handle. At bedtime, in "old times" long before my day, this pan was filled with hot coals sprinkled with a little brown sugar, and moved about among the icy linen sheets until the bed was comfortably warm.

Peat was used by some families, but coal was unknown as fuel. Wood stoves were in every house. For summer use we had a patent flatiron in which charcoal was burned.

"How far that little candle throws its beams !"

"At early candle light" was a common expression, and in many houses candles were still used, but I seldom saw them in our own house, the paraffine candles of today being of course unknown. A wall candlestick hung in our garret, and mother still treasured her snuffer-tray and the snuffer, but I realize now that she considered candles as relics of barbarism though she did stir boiled starch with a spermaceti candle to secure glossy linen. Once or twice Grandmother "run" some tallow candles in the set of iron molds, "dipped" some tallow candles, and told us how she had made candles from "bayberry wax," (myrica cerifera.)

Candles were superseded by sperm oil, and lard oil lamps, usually "one-wicked," that single wick tube about the size of an ordinary quill. Well-to-do people had two-wicked lamps, and lighted both wicks, when several persons sat around that lamp to read or sew. The recklessly extravagant, of whom, in this particular, my Grandmother was one, on occasion burned "lard oil" in two-wicked lamps to obtain a clear, steady light. Those wicks needed much attention. We had a pair of little lamp-shaped standards carved from wood to receive the oily, wooden handled pins, or "lamp picks," with which the wicks were raised or lowered at frequent intervals.

Seldom lighted "Astral" lamps adapted to astral oil adorned the parlor tables almost everywhere, but we had a different kind of "tall" lamp for general use. We had a useful "nurse lamp." It was a japanned tin cylinder with a handle and a hooded opening at one side to admit air. An oil lamp could be placed inside under one of its interchangeable covered tin dishes. No alcohol lamps were used, and kerosene was unknown at that time.

We had one of the first camphene or "fluid" lamps, Their wicks were supplied with metal caps on account of the extremely volatile nature of the fluid. Owing to its explosive properties, resulting in many fatalities, camphene soon went out of use for illuminating purposes.

It is difficult to realize now how we lived before "rock oil" became a commercial product, before the words petroleum, kerosene, and gasolene became a part of our vocabulary, and before the by-products of oil refineries, and gas works came into daily and general use. I well remember the first kerosene lamps which were sold. As they had no chimneys, the smoke did much damage and the light was unsatisfactory. Chimneys were soon invented, ground glass globes followed, improvements in burners, shades, wicks, and oil multiplied,

and at some date about 1863, we were the happy possessors of an excellent brass student lamp, the first one seen in town.

"The fashions of these times."

My grandmother, as I remember her, wore delicate "sprigged" calicoes, or Scotch ginghams, and a little shoulder cape, when about her work. For afternoon wear, she put on a gray woolen dress, between whose surplice fronts lay the soft folds of a white muslin neckkerchief. A delicate lawn cap just overlapped the neat "false front," and tied under her chin. Years after her death it began to be considered decent for a woman to show gray hair. Except the insane and utterly abandoned, all women covered gray hair with false fronts and lined caps, or else with entire wigs.

On Sundays Grandmother wore her newest silver gray poplin, and a cashmere shawl, or one of black "China crape" heavily embroidered above the knotted silk fringe.

A Natick dressmaker, who used to "go out" at "two and thrippence" (37½ cents) or three shillings (50 cents) per day, came to the house twice each year to cut and make "best dresses," silks, poplins, thibets, and all wool delaines. She cut, basted, fitted, and made button holes, while less skilful workers covered piping cord and did the plain sewing.

Dressmaker's charges had "gone up" to seventy-five cents or one dollar a day, when I was old enough to require her services.

As late as 1860, the invariable style for the neck of dresses was a rather low round neck, finished with a small piping cord. A necklace of gold beads was worn close about the neck, at some distance above the dress. Ruffles basted into the neck was the next style, leading up to low collars of the dress material.

Knitting machines had not been invented and "Jersey" garments were not for sale.

Summer and winter dresses for little girls, under fifteen, were made with "half-low" necks, and "puffed sleeves" at the shoulder. A long sleeved apron was commonly worn in cold weather, and very "dressy" girls wore white undersleeves extending from the wrist to meet the sleeve, and held by being tucked under the tight band. No guimpes were ever seen. When I first went to school I wore a dress almost to my ankles and white pantalets of the same length or longer. Two older girls were considered the leaders of fashion in our school. Their pantalets were made of the same material as the dresses with which they were worn. Mother refused to let me follow the fashion which she said had long ago been discarded by my older sisters.

Those were not the days of many styles, nor the days when the prevailing style was modified to suit individuals. I have distinct recollections of a milliner's well fitted show room at North Natick. It held just two kinds of large bonnets, and two shapes in children's hats. The broad-brimmed, low-crowned "leghorn flats" *must* be trimmed with wide white ribbon and long feathers. The hideous white straw "visor caps" must be trimmed with narrow, colored ribbon, a band around the crown ending in a rosette among the "artificial flowers" clustered above the visor. My sister once brought from Newport pretty, expensive hats of the latest New York style, small leghorn hats with a fringe of straw "dangles" around the edge of the brim. Such misery as my little sister and I suffered during that summer! All the girls ridiculed our queer hats, and no idea of latest fashion could be impressed upon them. This was before the days of paper patterns, pattern sheets, and fashion books. For many years our new dresses were one year ahead of Dover fashions and we had a bitter experience in being conspicuously out of fashion.

Everybody wore pumpkin hoods, except for dress occasions and church. They were usually made of silk, in melon shape, with ribbon bows and strings. Loosely knit "clouds" three yards long,

usually of white or chinchilla worsted, were worn for years by both old and young, twisted round and round the head, being considered "dressy" articles of comfort.

When voluminous and distended skirts were in vogue, before "hooped petticoats" were worn, women often put on six or seven white petticoats at once, all full length and stiffly starched. How cumbrous their bulk, and how burdensome their weight!

Hooped skirts were designed to obtain the effect without the inconvenience. A white cotton skirt was made with a half inch hem at the bottom, and above, seven or eight half inch tucks. Rattan sticks of graduated lengths were run into hem and tucks. The canes did not meet at the front by eight or ten inches, thus allowing for overlapping when the wearer sat down or passed through a doorway. "Skeleton hooped skirts," with flat steel hoops, were soon invented, and one style followed another with great rapidity.

"Raglans," the universal overcoats worn by gentlemen, such as were worn by Lord Raglan after the loss of his arm in the Crimea, and cloaks with raglan sleeves worn by ladies came in about 1855.

"Kossuth" hats, soft felt, were generally worn at the time when the fame of Kossuth went everywhere.

About 1860, girls' wide brimmed straw hats had a long narrow ribbon attached to the crown band in front, and held in the hand or fastened to the belt so as to bend the hat brim downward over the face. This ribbon was called a "bridle."

"Our shadow selves."

Paintings and portraits in oil, if good, were beyond the reach and means of common people. Etchings and steel engravings were occasionally seen. Paul Revere's Battle of Lexington, and his Boston Massacre in color and original frame hung in our dining-room, as did two flat black frames containing colored prints of sentimental beauties of a bygone day. Two large gilt frames, made to order in Boston by Williams and Everett, once contained certificates of membership in the Norfolk Agricultural Society, and later held fine chromos of scenes in water colors, the first of those artistic reproductions whose soft tints and pleasing outlines in the still untarnished frames are admired to-day. Crayon and pencil sketches were found here and there, and so were cut paper silhouettes.

In 1839 Daguerre announced his discovery of the effect of light upon silver, and in the course of a few years "daguerreotype likenesses" became common. Daguerreotype saloons upon wheels were drawn from town to town, and they remained in

favorable localities until everybody in the neighborhood had an opportunity to be taken. Then, indeed we saw ourselves as others saw us, when dressed in our best. No attempt at posing or artistic effect would have been tolerated by the severe critics, among whom the most severe were the sitters for a "good likeness." These daguerreotypes cost seventy-five cents each, and sometimes more, exclusive of the leather covered "case." For an extra consideration the pictures were "touched up" in colors. The "case" before me contains a group on one plate. My younger sister in a pale blue dress sits in her red-cheeked mother's lap, and my yellow gown, which I never possessed, shows to great advantage as I stand by her side. My likeness "aged six months," is in an open oval locket, at the back of which, in a place for the purpose, are entwined two locks of hair.

Daguerreotypes gave place to Ambrotypes, about 1855. The new process in skilful hands, gave soft, pleasing pictures.

Then came the period of "tin types." Inch square tintype pictures of all degrees of hideousness were "taken" by bushels wherever a saloon took its station. For serious purposes, larger plates were used and the results were somewhat better.

Photography by collodion process dates back to 1850-54, and came gradually into use. Photographs

at first were invariably "carte visite size," and it was a long time before we heard of "cabinet size." Only one daguerreotype or ambrotype likeness was obtained at a sitting, but by means of photography a negative once obtained could be copied indefinitely.

"For there no noisy railway speeds
Its torch-race, scattering smoke and gleeds."

To ride with father was a treat enjoyed by the children in turn. Medfield lay five miles to the southwest, and business often called my father to Mr. Lorenzo Harding's saw mill and farm, where there were children of our own age.

Being agent for the Dedham Mutual Fire Insurance Company, my father went to Dedham at regular intervals, and being also a Justice of Peace he had business at the Court House. Up to this time no railroad passed through Dover, and we were obliged to go to Readville to meet friends from New York or Newport, and to Wellesley (then West Needham) or North Natick to meet Boston trains. Bailey's stage ran from South Natick to West Needham, having, I suppose, run to Boston before the railroad was built. The first train on the Boston and Worcester R. R. ran to West Newton in 1833. When the road was completed as far as West Needham or Natick, the event was celebrated by a barbecue which my mother and father,

with all the world, attended. They also attended the "Opening" of the Cochituate Aqueduct, held at Cochituate Pond, in 1848, to celebrate the completion of the aqueduct which furnished the first water supply to the city of Boston.

From our house we could see the Air Line R. R. embankment, and I saw the first train that ran from Boston to Medfield.

The nearest grist mill was at South Natick, two and one-half miles north. Groceries, hardware, and dry goods could be obtained at South Natick, and the barber and tailor were sometimes employed. We usually made calls upon Aunt Kingsbury or Cousin Leonard's family, while my father went from place to place in the village. At North Natick were larger stores of every description. I recall going there for dentistry, millinery, cloaks, shoes, paper-hangings, carpets, and furniture.

Two or three times each year father and mother, with one favored child, went to West Dedham, now Westwood, "to trade" at Ellis Gay's store. Mr. Gay lived in a well-preserved old farm house, in one portion of which Mrs. Gay and Mr. Gay's sister carried on a unique and popular store. From their often renewed and well selected stock, my mother was accustomed to buy sheeting, shirting, towelling calico, gingham, blue denim, table cloths, cotton

and woolen yarn, cotton batting, ticking, "linen for bosoms," and "hanks" of thread, besides "pins by the pound," fans, combs, brushes, "round combs," umbrellas, and parasols.

Meanwhile the children belonging to the several groups of customers peered into mysterious nooks and cupboards, caught glimpses of the kitchen where commonplace housework was actually going on, or sat by the huge fire place trying to decide whether peppermint pipe would prove a better investment than cinnamon hearts in return for our precious "five cents to spend."

Purchases made, the bill "footed up," money paid, and unwieldy bundles stowed in the sleigh box or under the wagon seat, we were ready to pay an hour's visit to Mr. Nathan Phillips, and, incidentally, to pay our childish respects to Mrs. Phillips's cookies and preserves.

A few steps from Mr. Phillips' house was Mr. Lusha Baker's crockery store, a large front room crowded with earthern ware and China of every sort, including many "odd" and damaged pieces. My mother's selection was in the line of pie-plates, and baking dishes. I have now a small squat black pitcher which was bought there.

"Pilfshire," a wood lot in the east part of the town was on a cross road beyond Deacon Chick-

ering's. The Deacon's grand-daughters were our friends, and we always called to see them instead of going on to the woods where my father inspected "fire wood" and fencing logs.

Hunnewell's Gardens in West Needham, now Wellesley, attracted visitors from far and near. It was the first show place in the vicinity. Once or twice a year we used to visit this Italian Garden, and admire the flowers, the terraces, and Lake Waban. Mr. Hunnewell died in 1902, aged ninety-two years.

My father was one of those interested in the formation of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, whose annual Cattle Show was held at Dedham. My mother was a member of the Society, as were my youngest sister and myself. We all went to the Cattle Show, and inspected the fruit, vegetables, and fancy work exhibits, while my father met with the several committees to which he belonged.

He "entered" various exhibits, and received a number of premiums for both animals and produce. As he made a specialty of "reclaiming meadow and swamp lands," members of that committee came to view his fields, and that meant entertaining the gentlemen at dinner. My father took care, of course, that every part of his farm should be in

the best possible condition and order. When my Grandmother saw him clearing up the already tidy dooryard she would say: "Yes, Hiram, it is a good thing to have the Agricultural men come once in a while." The Hon. Marshall P. Wilder was one of the founders of the Society, and its staunch supporter. After years saw horse-racing and various amusements the important features of the Show, the place of meeting was changed to Readville, and my father ceased to take an active part in its proceedings.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, enlisted troops from Dover were encamped at Readville before being sent to the front. We paid a visit to the camp, although no relatives were among the soldiers.

About twice each year we went to Boston by carriage. The horse was stabled near Faneuil Hall, father went in one direction, and mother took us to Hovey's, Whitney's, and Newell's shoe store. Mrs. Haven had been the popular restaurant keeper, but we were accustomed to seek Copeland's and its fountain, on Tremont Row.

"That which lured us once, now lureth not."

Hannibal, the famous elephant, was exhibited in Barnum's Menagerie at North Natick. I have never forgotten the immense tent and the great

number of caged animals, nor my surprise at finding the living animals to look so exactly like their pictures that they were only mildly interesting. Hannibal himself was the chief performer in the small ring.

One Fourth of July, my sister Eveline and her husband took me to Boston, where we saw Tom Thumb at the Museum, and viewed the fireworks on the Common.

About 1858 or 1860 a Band of Hope was organized. I have forgotten who was the local leader under the Rev. Edwin Thompson, advocate and prime mover. All the children of the town attended the regular meetings which were held in the "Town House." We signed a pledge, promising "to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, from the use of tobacco, and from all profanity." We had blue ribbon badges, and song books for use in our meetings. The copy before me is entitled "Thompson's Band of Hope Melodies," and bears the date 1860. The following stanzas were among our favorites. Tune, "Susannah, don't you cry."

"There is a good time coming,
  Though we cannot fix the date,
But yet 'tis surely on the way,
  At telegraphic rate.

What though the dram shops do increase
  And pauper taxes too,
We should not let our efforts cease
  While there's so much to do."

The Rev. Mr. Hanks came to Dover several times with his Chart and Lecture upon the "Black Valley Railroad." The Chart represented the successive steps and stages in a drunkard's career, from youth and innocence to a drunkard's grave. There were evening lectures delivered in the Orthodox Meeting House.

When a division of the Sons of Temperance was organized, I was over fourteen years of age and eligible for membership. Initiated into the mysteries of the order, my connection with the society was brief, and I have forgotten all the proceedings in which I took part.

Among home diversions were checkers, fox and geese, and jackstraws, the latter being literally rye straws and not carved from wood or bone. Jackstones were common playthings. I was expert at the game which I carried to "high numbers." "Stick knife" was a boy's game, but girls were condescendingly admitted to the game and the use of the knives. Jump ropes, swings, and kites returned with the seasons. I had a good sled, and "coasting" was fine sport, solitary in my case.

When a hard crust formed on deep snow, I could start from the dooryard and reach the third field, passing over the tops of fences. On the edge of South Natick, "Where the flooded Charles writes the last letter of his name," was "Ben Sawin's Grove" in which picnics were held every summer.

Auction sales of household goods and farming tools were sometimes advertised, but they were outside my experience. Aside from the charm of buying at a low price, men found an attraction in the fact that "everybody" would be there. Crackers and cheese were always furnished as a mid-day luncheon.

"Science and Song."

For many successive years, Prof. William Tilden of Medfield used to teach an evening singing school in the Baptist Chapel. He was a good teacher, as I realized years afterwards, when I was obliged to drill my class in the theory of music, after the weekly lesson had been given by the director of music in in the public schools. Each of Mr. Tilden's pupils paid a small fee, I think $1.50 for the course of lessons, and a new singing book was purchased each winter. One winter we sang from the Diapason, one of those books whose pages are wide from right to left, conveniently held by two persons singing from one book. The first part contained the scale

exercises and lessons use; then came the songs, glees, and rounds, followed by hymns and anthems.

Mr. Tilden played the violin accompaniment, when he was not beating time with his bow, or using it as a pointer in teaching from the blackboard. While he is not now engaged in teaching, he is actively interested in Medfield affairs.

"Everything for convenience, nothing for ambition."

Dover had churches, schoolhouses, and a hearse-house in the town cemetery, but no hotel or other public buildings at the time of which I write. The basement story of the Unitarian Meeting House was the place where town meetings and elections were held, and it could be hired for entertainments.

Nonantum Hall at Charles River Village was a suitable place for dancing parties, fairs and other festivities.

The Post Office was kept in Mr. Isaac Howe's house at the Centre, a building which was an old-time tavern kept by Mr. Howe's ancestors. Mr. Howe's son George succeeded him as Postmaster, and the office was removed to the Railroad Station.

Dwellers at the foot of Pegan Hill hired a man to bring the mail once each day to the "Corner" store, where it was placed in boxes and distributed by the store-keeper.

A circulating library had its place in Isaac Howe's house from some remote period. It was always spoken of as the Town Library, but no books were issued after I was able to read. My grandfather was fond of books, and my mother habitually read aloud to him while he worked at his bench. In this way she read almost every book in the library before she was twenty years old, prose, poetry, history, Shakespeare, Cooper, Rollin, and many more.

"Martello Towers that protect our coast."

The Examining School Committee consisted of three members, one of whom was chosen for a term of three years, at the regular "March Meeting." Each of the four districts, West, North, East, and Centre, chose a "Prudential Committee Man" whose duty it was to hire a teacher, secure her boarding place, take charge of the school property, provide for fuel, and care of fires. The School Committee examined the teachers, issued certificates, and examined the Registers to see that they were "kept" as required by the State Board of Education. This committee authorized text books and courses of study.

I cannot remember the time when I could not read, but I know that Sargent's Second Reader and Emerson's Elementary Arithmetic were in my

hands when I sat on the bench in front of the desk nearest the platform in the North District School house. The Centre School House, at that time had a sloping floor, ascending from the teacher's desk to the rear of the room, and the benches were so long that six pupils sat at one desk. The North District having been "set off," it took just pride in its school and school house, which in construction, condition, and equipments was said to be excelled by none for miles around. Playgrounds and fences were well kept. One corner of the yard was shaded by two beautiful trees, while a fine old elm stood near the road, between the trees at either corner of the fence. Boys and girls played "round ball," and "four old cat" in the adjoining field, and ate their dinners and built playhouses in the old pine grove just beyond. Berries of every kind, sweet fern seeds, spruce gum, black birch bark, checkerberries and their aromatic leaves, all these delicacies were free to all who sought them in the "hour's nooning." All sorts of wild flowers grew in the deep woods, pastures, and lowlands, and in roadside thickets and corners. The "Cleaveland Lot" was our school garden, and the noon intermission our time for physical culture and nature study, fifty years before those terms were on every tongue. Until my fourteenth year, I seldom failed

to attend school the two terms in each year. Besides the lessons which I was required to learn and recite, like many other children, I mastered by myself several subjects as contained in books which I found in the "School Library," a small case of books at one end of the teacher's platform. Cutter's Anatomy and Physiology was one of those books, and Greenleaf's National Arithmetic was another. This arithmetic contained explanations, rules and answers, and in my leisure I "ciphered" through the book, in course. Arithmetical and Geometrical Progression, Permutation, Alligation, Mensuration, and all the rest. One of the teachers was "good" in arithmetic. All my life I have been grateful to her for teaching me to "reckon in my head." We used Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic, the early edition, of course, and in its use we were drilled to listen, comprehend, retain, and reason. We enjoyed the recitation period, as a college crew enjoys a race. Under this teacher, the class formed in line across the room, and the teacher read from the previously assigned chapter a problem which the pupil at the head was expected to "solve and explain" later. When she had read as many examples as there were pupils in the class, the head scholar was called upon to recite. First of all he must repeat the example,

"word for word" as it had been read by the teacher. To change a syllable was to fail. Succeeding in this he then analyzed the problem according to the model given for bringing out the principle involved, and concluded with, "Therefore, if" etc. These lessons were so graded that one lesson prepared the way for the next, and failures in class were rare.

"Spelling matches" were a Friday afternoon exercise. "Spelling Schools" were occasionally held in the school house on winter evenings, and matches were sometimes arranged between the pupils in adjoining districts. Under the direction of enthusiastic teachers, these contests aroused general interest. The room was lighted by lamps, lanterns, and candles carried from our homes. One boy and one girl were appointed as leaders, and they took turns in choosing from among the participants. When all were chosen, the two lines faced each other, and the teacher began to give out the words. A failure made, the word was passed from one side to the other until spelled correctly. Sometimes it was spelled on the side where it was missed, and the "side saved." If the other side spelled it, the leader was entitled to a choice of pupils from the losing side. When all were at last ranged on the winning side, they were

"spelled down." One after another missed and took their seats. Sometimes "good spellers" would hold their places through page after page of polysyllables, and then "catch words" were considered "fair." To avoid delay in case of appeal, the regular text book in spelling was taken as authority.

Speaking pieces was a popular exercise on Friday afternoons. On rare occasions we "spoke dialogues," and happy were those who were allowed to take part. We "wrote compositions" upon such subjects as school, summer, winter, and honesty, but we realized no connection between our composition work and the "passing lesson" in Green's Grammar. Nevertheless, in learning the parsing lessons, we learned to look for certain forms and uses of words, to know them when we saw them, and to give reasons for our classifications. We studied Cornell's Geographies, and Quackenbos's History. One summer our teacher taught the girls all kinds of fancy work, and the older girls made some elaborate articles. I learned crocheting, and made a card basket from fine cotton thread, shaped and starched upon an earthern dish. I also knit a round "mat" or doily. On the last day of the term our work was displayed to visitors in the school room. Among my teachers were Miss Josephine Mansfield of Lowell, Miss Electa P. Butler

of Maine, Miss Fannie Chute, and Miss Fannie Hildreth, now Mrs. Bacon. Miss Martha Plummer, now Mrs. Everett, taught at the Centre. During one long vacation, I went every day to her home for private lessons in English Grammar. How I happened to do this, I do not know. It may have been my own idea, and, possibly, it was my mother's wish for me to improve my time under a good teacher. At all events, I studied Grammar to some purpose, and I well remember the day when the mystery of "false syntax" on the last pages of Quackenbos's Grammar became a mystery solved. The East District, "Strawberry Hill," had a "good teacher" one winter, and I was allowed to be her pupil. Deacon Bigelow's farm house was my boarding place from Monday morning until Friday night, and my father took me back and forth each week. Miss Hawes, the teacher, also boarded there. During the spring of 1863, I attended the Girls' High School in Newport, R. I. during a three months' visit to my sister Parthena. The next fall, with other boys and girls from Dover, I attended the High School at "Needham Plain," going by rail every day. This high school was newly organized. and was nothing more than an attempt to make the highest grade possible out of the material gathered from the ungraded district

schools. The highest class, of which I was one, studied the usual high school branches, Latin, Geometry, etc. That year the sessions were held in one room of a district school house some distance from the railroad station. The Principal and sole instructor was the Rev. Silas Bundy Rawson, of Maine. Later the school was removed to a hall, over the Post Office near the railroad station, and Mr. Rawson was succeeded by Mr. Albion Cate.

"And the hillside where the Meeting-house
With the wooden belfry stood."

The Unitarian Meeting House, the third to be built upon its site, Meeting House Hill, was dedicated in 1839. It was one mile from our house by road, much less through Uncle Rufus's fields by the beaten path which came out by the "dam." The square, white structure had then, as now, green blinds, a steeple, and a bell. A double row of horse sheds stood between the edifice and the encroaching "pine woods." Grandmother Griggs was a member of this church, and the family were regular attendants upon its services. The Meeting House was comparatively new when I frequented it, and fully up to the standard of the times. When the choir rose to sing, of course the congregation rose also, and stood with backs to the pulpit, gazing from the hymn books to the "singers"

seats" in the organ loft at the rear of the room. Most of the older men stood throughout the long prayer.

My Grandmother had seen and heard much of Mr. Nettleton, the famous revival preacher of Connecticut, and she was much distressed by the strange doctrines which began to be preached from the pulpit of the Dover church as the Unitarian movement spread to that community and congregation. The Rev. Benj. Caryl, "Priest Caryl," was for forty-nine years pastor of the church. I have a manuscript sermon which he preached in 1802. In 1812 the Rev. Ralph Sanger became the pastor, and remained in the pastorate almost fifty years. I remember watching his tall, dignified figure, as he came "up across" to make a call at our house, or to pass through our yard, up the mill house steps, on his way to the "west end of the town." He was a man of learning, refinement, and unvarying courtesy, and of great influence in the community. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Baker, and he was followed in the pulpit by the Rev. Horatio Alger, Jr., the writer of books for boys. Mr. Alger's father was the long-time pastor at South Natick. The Rev. George Proctor was the last pastor of whom I have any knowledge.

Those who became dissatisfied with Unitarian

doctrine left the First Church, and formed the Orthodox Society, building a chapel on Meeting House Hill opposite the old church. My older sisters united with this church. The Rev. John Haskell was the pastor whom I knew, possibly the first placed over the church. His parsonage was at the foot of the hill, the house since known as the Dunn place. One of the greatest treats of my childhood was "going down across" to spend an hour at Mrs. Haskell's. She was young and very beautiful, and I am sure, greatly admired and loved. I was at one time visiting my oldest sister when Mrs. Haskell called. My sister had just then given me a small broom, suited to my height. To show off the new broom, and myself, I set up a vigorous sweeping directly in front of the visitor. I shall never forget the way in which Mrs. Haskell said: "I see, Alice, that you wish to be thought a good housekeeper, but you must not forget that *very* neat people get their sweeping done before it is time for company to arrive." Since then I have found it true that really clean people take neatness for granted, and do not obtrude their ideas of cleanliness.

Mr. Haskell survived his wife many years, and died May 11, 1902.

The Rev. T. S. Norton succeeded Mr. Haskell.

His children, Cooley, Gertie, and Lewis were our schoolmates and companions.

About 1862, Uncle Sherman Battle removed the Baptist Chapel from Charles River Village to the "Corner," and the Springdale Baptist Church was organized. Students fron Newton Theological Seminary supplied the pulpit, among them some of the best known divines of to-day. Some years ago the church was disbanded.

The nearest Roman Catholic Church was at Saxonville, eight miles distant.

"But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed."

Dr. Geo. Caryl, son of "Priest Caryl," was the only resident physician which Dover has had. He practiced there form 1791 to 1829.

Old Dr. Gallup of Medfield was a typical old-school calomel-giving, blood-letting doctor, of whom I heard much, though I saw him but once.

To save a neighbor's life, my father and mother once rode more than twenty miles, at night to Rockville, a part of Medway, to secure the services of Dr. Nathaniel Miller, the famous surgeon who died in 1850.

Dr. George Townsend of South Natick was our family physician, as of most of the townspeople. Skilful and popular, he drove his fast horses and

"sulky" for miles around. My earliest recollection is of the time when he advised me to put the icicle, which I was holding, upon the stove to warm it a little. I regretted taking his advice then, but in after years I owed much to his care and skill.

One reason why Dover has not had a resident doctor and lawyer, and a real business and social centre, is that the outlying districts practically form parts of the adjacent townships. Many families at the West End attended church in Medfield, used Medfield Post Office, and entered into the social life of that town. Natick and Needham, as well as Dedham, were the real homes of those who lived over the Dover Line.

"Strange figures of the long ago,
Come out and take their places."

Between our house and Uncle Rufus's wheelwright shop was the shop of Rudman, the blacksmith. Mr. Rudman was an Englishman, and we took delight in watching him "set tires," and hearing him say, " 'Eat the hiron 'ot, Bill. "

William Green, who came from Connecticut to work for my Grandfather, married Eliza, the housemaid. My father built a house for them on land adjoining the orchard, and afterward sold the premises to them. In those days, "to live upon hire" was considered a disgrace, because it "showed a lack somewhere."

Eliza had marked characteristics. Her "posy garding" was a wilderness of blossoming shrubs and plants, luxuriating in the rich, well-tilled soil that William was wont to prepare. Her living rooms were crowded with growing plants, which "came up," "slipped," or "rooted" at her will.

She made "monuments," resembling that on Bunker Hill, varying in height from six inches to three feet. Base and shaft were "turned" out of solid wood, and then covered with putty or white lead, in which were imbedded sea shells, coral, bits of colored glass, broken looking-glass, glittering buttons, mother-of-pearl, sea beans, beads, and pebbles. Who used these monuments for parlor ornaments I do not know, but many were sold at prices ranging from two to fifteen dollars, according to size and beauty. Picture frames of all shapes and sizes she made to order. Some were made of sea shells; some were covered with kernels of red and yellow field corn; others showed a pattern in beans, red, white, and black; scales from white pine cones were arranged to over lap each other, corner rosettes being made of clustered small cones; autumn leaves, pressed and varnished, were also made to cover frames, or grouped upon a background to form a picture for the frame. By means of fine wire and colored worsteds she made huge

bouquets of "worsted flowers," which were bought and placed under tall glass shades upon parlor centre tables. Wax flowers and hair flowers had a share of her attention. Dover people were not her patrons. Most of her orders and purchasers came from the "city."

It was, however, the fashion to display hair flowers under glass, but the small bouquet which we had was kept in a cupboard. Locks of hair from the head of each member of a family, living or dead, were combined in these wreaths or bouquets. Some member of the family was always ready to tell visitors whose hair was in that rose, and whose in that lily. Snow white hair and bright red tresses "made up real pretty." About 1862 wax flower making was a desirable accomplishment for young ladies.

On Sundays, a quaint, bobbing two-wheeled "shay" came by our house from the west part of Dover. As I recall the brother and sister who were its occupants, the tall, spare, stiffly erect lady might have stepped out of an old fashioned novel. Her large grey or fawn colored silk bonnet had a soft white ruching in its high-peaked front, and a corner wise silk shawl draped the straight brown silk skirt.

"Uncle Joe Larrabee," as he was affectionately

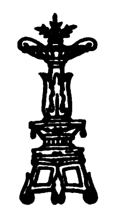
called, was a conspicuous figure in the community, especially in the meeting house where he occupied a pew near the pulpit, and always stood erect throughout the "long prayer."

Aunt Fanny in her prime did "tailoring," going from house to house. In later years she "kept house" in different families whose heads were temporarily absent. Rain or shine, she never ventured abroad without her large, faded, cotton umbrella, a protection from sun, wind, or rain as occasion required. In these days of more convenient umbrellas, we have followed her fashion. Around her black, quaker like bonnet a long, green barege veil was tied by its drawing string. When not hanging straight down over her face, this veil was thrown back and drawn over edgewise so as to hang over one shoulder, as was the prevailing fashion in her younger days.

"Granny Gould," when I first knew her, was an aged, infirm woman who lived alone in an ancient, gambrel-roofed cottage near the Old Plain. Grandmother looked after her in a neighborly way, and we often went "over across lots" to carry some delicacy and inquire for her welfare. The house, like everything in its three low rooms, was worn and time stained. She had never used a stove, and the fuel which fed the fire upon her hearth was obtained

from the peat bogs upon her own premises. She was tall and large in frame, though much bowed with age; her black eyes had not lost all their brilliancy, and still flashed under her wrinkled brows shaded by the brown folds of a turban which concealed her hair. Whenever I watched her harmless domestic incantations with pot-hook and crane, brass kettle and iron skillet, poker and tongs, as she stooped over the ash-strewn hearth before the cavernous fireplace, she always seemed to me a veritable witch of the story books.

One morning no smoke ascended from Granny Gould's chimney, and we learned that the incantations were no longer needed, for her life of strange and troubled experiences was ended.



## Chapter Four.

### THE RICHARDS FAMILY.

1. Josiah Richards, born 1713, died 1771, married Hannah, the "H. R." of relics, died October 24, 1771.

2. Children of Josiah and Hannah: Samuel, 1738; Moses, 1739; Hannah, 1741; Asa, 1743; Sarah, 1745; Thaddeus, 1747; Josiah, 1749; Solomon, 1751; Mary, 1753; Lucy, 1755, married Josiah Battle of Dover; Abijah, 1757; Lydia, 1759; Jesse, 1761.

### THE GRIGGS FAMILY.

1. Nathan Griggs, Ashford, Conn., married —, February 8, 1772.

2. Children of Nathan and ——: Lucy, married Jared Warner Snow; Phebe; Abijah; Reuben, 1782, married Lucy Battle, Dover; "Sibbil," married Chapman, second, Parkhurst, Conn.

### THE SHERMAN FAMILY.

1. Henry Sherman, Colchester and Dedham, England, born 1580, married Agnes Butler.

2. Henry, son of Henry and Agnes, married Susan Hilles, died 1610.

3. John, son of Henry and Susan, married Grace Makin.

4. Captain John, son of Henry and Grace, Dedham, England 1613, married Martha Palmer, daughter of his mother's third husband, and came to Watertown, Mass. 1634.

5. Joseph, son of Captain John and Martha, born in Watertown.

6. William, son of Joseph of Watertown.

7. Roger, son of William, signed Declaration of Independence.

Mehitable, daughter of William, born 1714, married John Battle, Dover, Mass., died 1804.

### THE BATTLE FAMILY.

1. John Battle, Dover, married Mehitable Sherman, died 1800, aged eighty-four.

2, Josiah, son of John and Mehitable, married Lucy Richards, died 1834, aged seventy-nine.

3. Children of Josiah and Lucy: Betsy, 1782, married John Brown of Dover; Lucy, 1785, married Reuben Griggs, died 1864; Josiah, 1787, married first Sukey——, second the widow Goulding; Sherman, 1791, married first Hetty ——, second Miranda Twitchell; Rufus, 1794, married Lydia Mann; Roger Sherman, 1796, married Betsy ——.

### THE WALKER FAMILY.

1. Azariah Walker, probably Marbors, married Prudence Pepper.

2. Emily, daughter of Azariah and Prudence, married Jonathan Kingsbury, South Natick. Their children were, Leonard, Abbie, Jonathan.

Mary, second daughter, married Samuel Jones.

THE JONES FAMILY.

1. John Alden, England, 1599, married Priscilla Molines, 1621, died in Plymouth, 1680.

2. John, of John and Priscilla, Plymouth, 1622, married Elizabeth (Phillips) Everill, Boston, 1660, died in Boston, 1702.

3. John, of John and Elizabeth, Boston, 1663, married Elizabeth Phelps, died 1730. He was Captain of a schooner, and was taken captive by the French. In 1764, the General Court granted to his heirs a tract of land because of "his extraordinary services and his sufferings during a long and tedious captivity."

4. Nathaniel, of Capt. John and Elizabeth, 1700, married Mary ———. In 1731 he owned one half of a house on Milk Street, Boston.

5. Elizabeth, 1729, of Nathaniel and Mary, married Anthony Jones of Hopkington in 1747.

6. Nathaniel Alden Jones of Elizabeth and Anthony Jones, Hopkington, 1748, married Lois Claflin in 1770.

7. Samuel Jones, of Nathaniel and Lois, 1777, married first, Mary Walker, second, Lurana Sawin.

8. Hiram Walker Jones, of Samuel and Mary, South Natick, 1807, married Lucy Griggs, April 5, 1830, died 1876.

9. Children of Hiram and Lucy: Eveline Eames, 1831, married 1852, died 1895; Parthena Griggs, 1834, married 1862, died 1896; Mary Malvina, 1839, died, 1854; Arabelle, 1845, died 1847; Alice Johnson, 1848; Inez Lenore, 1851; Samuel Waldo, 1854, died 1862.

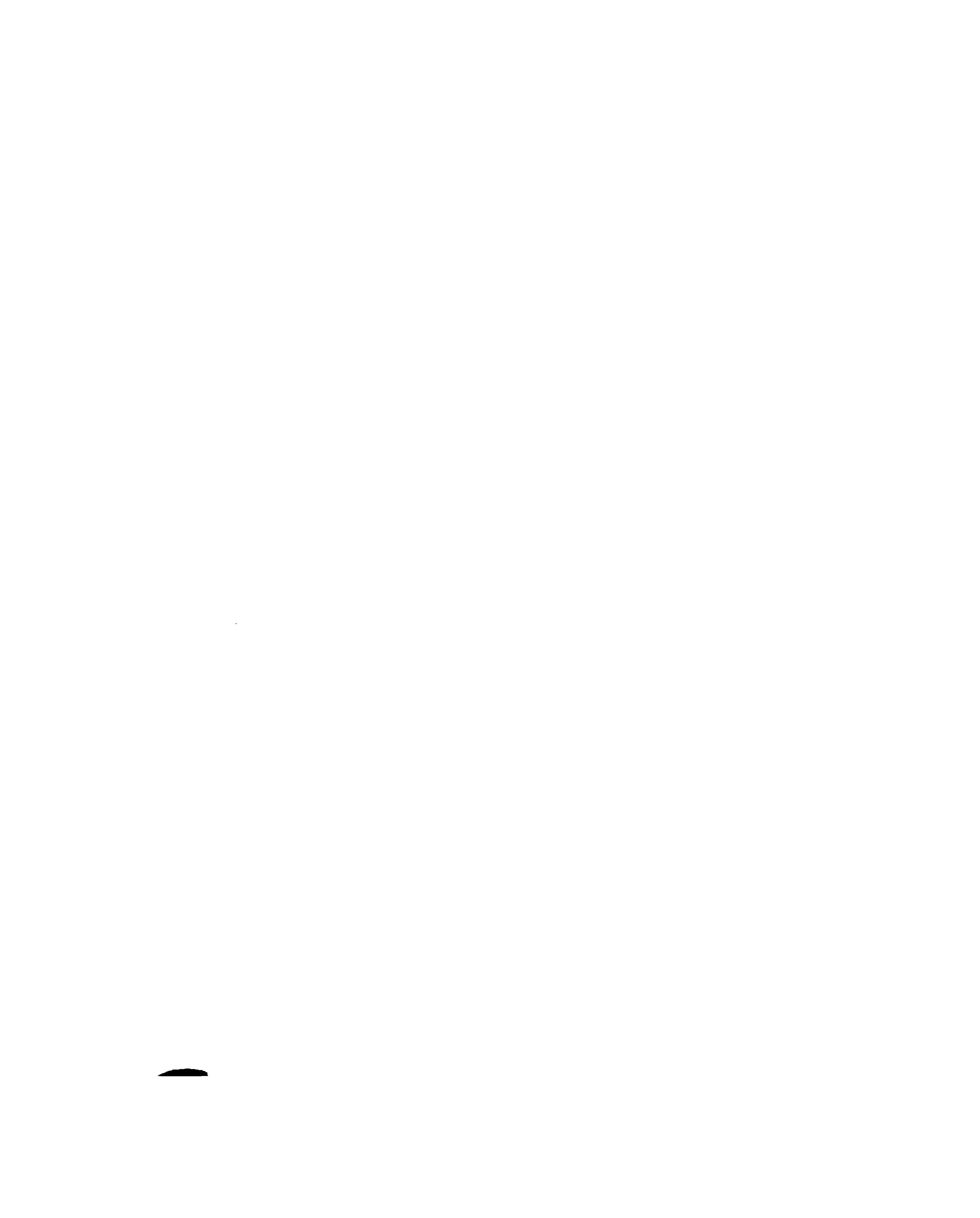
10. Child of John and Eveline Nichols: Lucy Griggs, East Randolph, 1853, married Charles S. Davison, Elmira, N. Y., 1873, removed to Norfolk, Va., 1905.

Children of Charles E. Hammett, Jr. and Parthena: Waldo Jones, 1864, died, 1865; Philip Melancthon, 1867, married Marie Louise Plack, Altoona, Pa., 1893, lives in Portland, Me.

11. Children of Charles and Lucy Davison: Evelyn Lucy, married Alvah Nivison, Caywood, N. Y., Nov., 1904; Alice Lenore, Philip Nichols, Ruth Lowe, Charles Morton, Waldo Burton.

Children of Philip and Louise Hammett: Louis Plack, Waldo Bertram, Helen.

12. Child of Alvah and Evelyn Nivison: John Beecher, Dec. 23, 1905.






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